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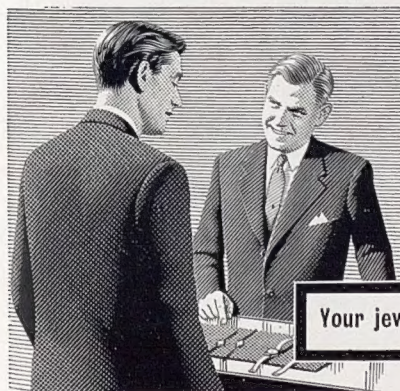
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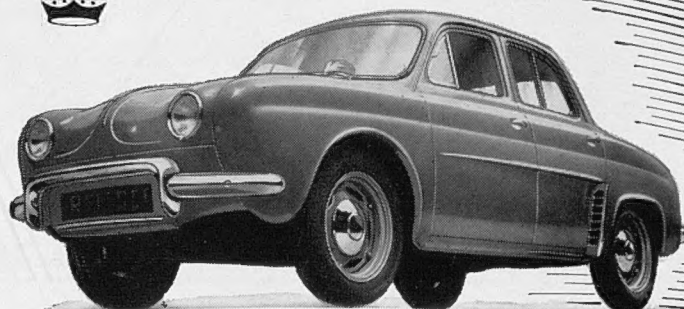
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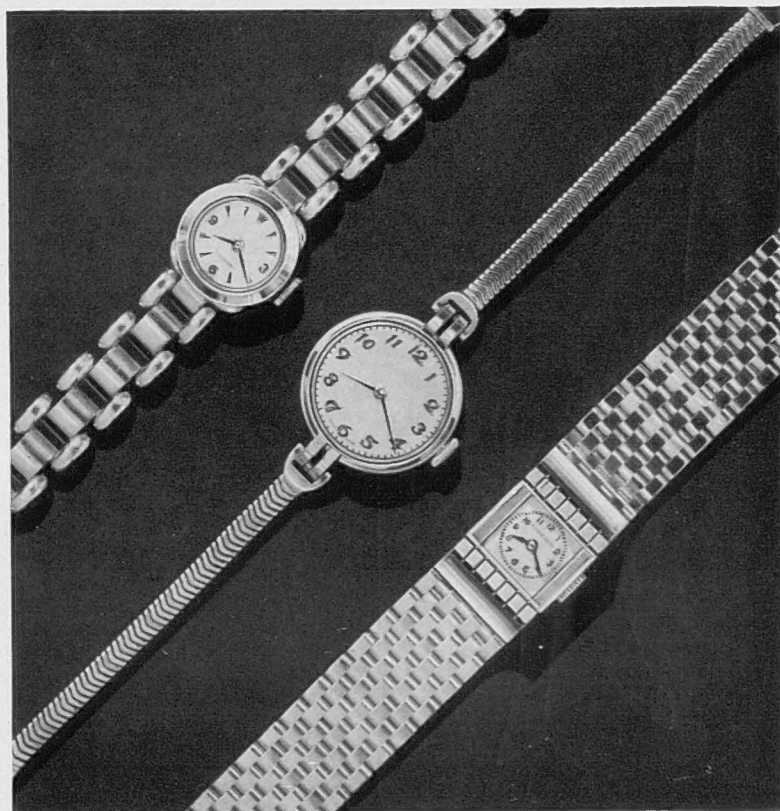
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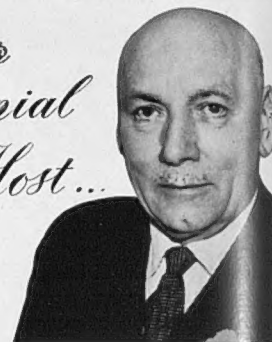
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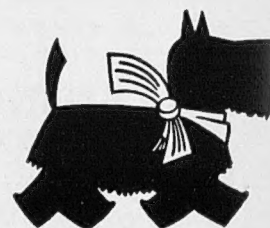
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**KYNOCH**  
of KEITH SCOTLAND



TWEEDS SCARVES





THE FAMILY GROUP on the cover of The TATLER this week is of the young members of the Swedish Royal Family with their mother, Princess Sibylle, whom the Queen and Prince Philip have been meeting this week. The princesses are Margaretha, who is twenty-one, Desiree, just eighteen, Christina born in 1943, and Birgitta who was nineteen in January. Their ten-year-old brother, Crown Prince Carl Gustaf, is the Heir Apparent to his grandfather, King Gustaf VI, whose eldest son, the children's father, was killed in an air accident in 1947. The King was first married to Princess Margaret of Connaught, and after her death to Lady Louise Mountbatten, Princess of Battenberg, sister of Earl Mountbatten

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From June 13 to June 20

**June 13 (Wed.)** The Duchess of Kent attends the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy Ball at the Dorchester. Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House (until 28th).

First night of *The Caine Mutiny* at the Hippodrome. Dances: Lady Denning (small dance) for Miss Diana Denning, Hyde Park Hotel. Mrs. Davies-Scourfield and Mrs. Guy Stanton for their daughters, Miss Precelly Davies-Scourfield and Miss Serena Fass, at the Guards' Boat Club. May Week dance: King's College, Cambridge. Racing at Lingfield and Lincoln (two days).

**June 14 (Thur.)** Richmond Royal Horse Show (three days).

Glyndebourne Opera Season opens. Dances: Mrs. Raymond Tuckey and Mrs. Sam Hood for their daughters, Miss Caroline Godfrey and Miss Anne Hood at Hurlingham Club.

**June 15 (Fri.)** Aldeburgh Festival (till June 24).

Annual service of the Order of Saint Michael and St. George at St. Paul's Cathedral, 11.30 a.m. Wycombe Abbey School Diamond Jubilee dinner dance at the Dorchester. Dances: Viscountess Gage for her daughter, the Hon. Camilla Gage, at Firl Place, Sussex. Oxford summer dances: St. Edmund Hall, Hertford College, and University College. Racing at Doncaster and Ayr.

**June 16 (Sat.)** Wightman Cup Dinner at the Dorchester.

Dances: Mrs. Christopher Dalgety and Capt. J. A. F. Dalgety (small dance) for Miss Caroline Dalgety and Mr. Alexander Dalgety, at Lockerley Hall, Hants. Mrs. John Young for her daughter, Miss Marian Young, at Thornton Hall, Bletchley. Mme. Louis Franck for her daughter, Mlle. Martine Franck, at Buck's Club.

Racing at Alexandra Park, Ayr, Doncaster and Worcester.

**June 17 (Sun.)** The Queen and Prince Philip return from Sweden. Polo at Windsor.

**June 18 (Mon.)** The Queen and Prince Philip attend the service for the Order of the Garter, St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

Polo at Windsor. Cocktail dance: Mrs. William Harrison for her daughter Miss Zara Harrison, on board the Royal Daffodil, sailing from Tower Bridge. Dances: Balliol College Summer Dance. Magdalen College, Oxford, Commemoration Ball. Racing at Lewes.

**June 19 (Tues.)** Royal Ascot Week begins (Ascot Stakes).

The Queen and Prince Philip attend the Royal Ascot Meeting, and a party given by the 3rd Battalion, Grenadier Guards, at Windsor Great Park. Polo at Windsor.

Dances: The Hon. Mrs. Mervyn Herbert and Mrs. Eddie Grant (small dance) for Miss Ann Grant, at 38 Chester Square.

Lady Bull and Mrs. George Winthrop Haight for Miss Charlotte Bull and Miss Laura Haight, at Kelmescott House, W.6.

Oriel College and New College, Oxford, Commemoration Balls.

**June 20 (Wed.)** The Queen and Prince Philip at the Royal Ascot Meeting (Royal Hunt Cup).

Polo at Windsor. Dances: The Guards' Boat Club Ascot Ball; the Air League Ball, Dorchester Hotel; Worcester College, Oxford, Commemoration Ball.

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Eric Coop

## A London banker's wife and daughters

MRS. FREDERICK HOARE is photographed with her daughters Mary Rose and Marinella at her house in St. John's Wood; Mary Rose is eleven and Marinella four. Her husband (who is always known as Derick to distinguish him from his father who has the same initials) has been named as the next Sheriff of London.

In this he is carrying on a family tradition, since an ancestor of his, Sir Richard Hoare, was Sheriff in 1709, and another Sir Richard held the same position in 1740; each later became Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Derick Hoare is managing partner in the long established Hoare's Bank which is in Fleet Street





Mr. Vivian Esch talking to Miss Sonia Ivory



Miss Gay Lowson and Mr. Michael Teague

## DANCE IN A GREAT CITY HALL

OVER five hundred guests attended a dance given by Col. and Mrs. Gray Horton for their daughter, Miss Carlotta Horton, at the Ironmongers' Hall in Aldersgate Street. The many historic statues, paintings and relics of the Company provided a fitting background for the event. Above: The host and hostess and their debutante daughter



Mr. D. Byatt, Miss A. Peto Bennett, Mr. M. Baron and Miss C. Shankland



Mr. F. J. Pascoe, the Hon. Lady Lowson and Mrs. Pascoe



Miss Alison Bradford and Mr. David Nugent





Miss Sarah Norton and Mr. Julian Bower



Viscount Hereford and Miss Diana Timpson



Mr. John Trevor and Miss Jane Houston-Boswall



Dancing in the oak panelled hall,  
as seen from the balcony

Desmond O'Neill



## FAMILY OF A HUSSAR

MRS. IVAN STRAKER is seen here with her small son Hugo, who is now six months old and was christened in February this year. Before her marriage to Capt. Ivan Straker of the 11th Hussars, she was Miss Gillian Grant, daughter of Mrs. Smith Grant, of Orton House, Morayshire. The Strakers live at Mugdrum House, Newburgh, Fife



Lenore

## Social Journal

Jennifer

# LADY LOWSON'S BALL

BEAUTIFUL flowers, cleverly spotlit, decorated the ballroom, supper room and sitting-out rooms at Claridge's for the lovely ball which Sir Denys and the Hon. Lady Lowson gave for their elder daughter, Miss Gay Lowson. Unfortunately, Sir Denys had a chill and temperature, so missed this wonderful evening. Gay made a radiant picture in a beautiful pale yellow tulle dress with sprigs of mimosa on the skirt, which suited her lovely auburn hair as she stood beside her mother to receive the guests. Lady Lowson who is an outstanding hostess, as we all learnt when she was at the Mansion House, looked very beautiful wearing a diamond tiara, diamond necklace and lovely jewels, with an exquisite dress of orchid organza appliquéd with white orchids and a white top falling into a bow at the back.

Before the ball, Lady Lowson had a big dinner party in a private room at Claridge's and her guests dining included her brother, Lord Strathcarron and Lady Strathcarron, the Spanish Ambassador, the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, who looked very beautiful

in a patterned grey and white taffeta dress with a cerise top, the Earl and Countess of Lindsay and their two daughters, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Mary Lindesay-Bethune. Viscountess Maitland in red, and her débutante daughter, Lady Mary Maitland, Sir Norman Gwatkin, Sir Hartley Shawcross, Q.C., and Lady Shawcross, very good-looking and chic in a deep yellow dress, the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys, the latter wearing a magnificent black satin and organza crinoline, Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Revell-Smith, Mr. James Gunn, and Mr. Richard Stokes.

MR. ARTHUR WIESENBERGER from New York and his wife had come over for the ball and were going on to Paris next day. Gay's younger sister, Melanie, was there and among the other younger guests at dinner were Lady Anne Nevill in a lovely hyacinth blue crinoline, Lady Anne Howard in white, the Marquess of Hamilton, Miss Cecilia Weikersheim, Mr. Simon Maxwell, Lady Clarissa Duncombe, Lord James Crichton Stuart, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch and her brother John, Miss Caroline York and Miss Helene de Miramon looking most attractive in white.

Many hostesses gave dinner parties for the ball including Viscountess Leverhulme, whose débutante daughter the Hon. Susan Lever is so gay-looking, always radiating enjoyment, Lady Chesham whose daughter the Hon. Joanna Cavendish missed the dance as she had lost her voice and was not well, Viscountess Erleigh whom I saw with Viscount Erleigh, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Runge, Lady McCorquodale who was at the ball with Lord McCorquodale and their daughters, the Hon. Mrs. William Forbes and her husband, Capt. William Forbes, and the Hon. Prue McCorquodale. Also there were Lady Francis Hill, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, whose younger daughter makes her début next year, and the Hon. Mrs. Philip Kindersley who wore a lovely pink crinoline.

THE dance went with a swing from the moment it started and among the young people dancing happily I saw the Earl of Brecknock, Mr. Paul Channon, Miss Sally Hall in white, the Hon. Michael Flower, the Hon. Catherine Palmer, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, Mr. Christopher Hartley, Lord Patrick Beresford, the Hon. Susan Remnant, Miss Susie Hennessy, Miss Jennifer Anderson,



Lord Patrick Beresford, Miss Nicolette Kindersley, Miss Caroline Cholmeley Harrison, Miss Wendy Raphael, Mr. Malcolm Burr, the Earl of Suffolk, Miss Katherine Loudon, the Hon. Angela Cecil in white, Mr. John Slesinger, Countess Bunny Esterhazy who looked enchanting in a cream coloured dress and Lord Colville of Culross who arrived late and told me he had just motored up from the country after attending a political meeting. There was an excellent cabaret which was enjoyed by everyone.

The Lord Mayor, Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd, and Lady Ackroyd came to the ball, and other older guests I met included Sir Donald and Lady Anderson, Lord and Lady Remnant, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Philip Glover, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Swinden, who had a dinner party, and the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry.

★ ★ ★

THE marble entrance hall and fine reception rooms of South Africa House were beautifully decorated with red and blue hydrangeas, white marguerites and trailing pink geraniums for the reception which the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa and Mrs. Jooste gave to celebrate Union Day. It was a brilliant scene with most of the men wearing their orders and decorations, and many of the women tiaras and lovely jewels. The company included the other Commonwealth High Commissioners, Ambassadors at the Court of St. James's and members of both Houses of Parliament. Many of these came straight on from Lancaster House where the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, was host at a diplomatic dinner in honour of the Queen's birthday.

Also present were many South Africans living in London, and friends of the Union. I heard several of these discussing their visits to South Africa, reminiscing and greeting acquaintances.

Among the earlier arrivals were Earl and Countess Howe, the latter looking very nice in a lovely blue evening dress, with sapphire and diamond jewels. Viscountess Stonehaven, also wearing a tiara and beautiful jewels with her bronze satin evening dress, was accompanied by Viscount Stonehaven and both were soon surrounded by friends. The Mayor of Westminster and Mrs. Stirling, the latter very good-looking in a cerise satin dress, were talking to the Mayor and Mayoress of Kensington, Councillor F. St. G. Fisher, and his daughter, Miss Lucy Fisher.

Sir Campbell Stuart was the centre of a group of friends as were Sir Nicholas and Lady Cayzer. Others among the very large number enjoying the reception were Lord and Lady Dovercourt, Viscount and Viscountess Cobham, Sir Oliver and Lady Franks, Sir Ivone and Lady Kirkpatrick, Lord and Lady Rotherwick, Sir Cecil and Lady Harcourt and Sir Stanley and Lady Angwin.

★ ★ ★

I RECENTLY spent a very interesting hour down at Ascot racecourse seeing the many improvements that have been made during the past year. Racegoers at the Royal meeting which begins next week, June 19-22, will be the first to appreciate the changes that are not only to be found in the Royal Enclosure but in Tattersalls and the Silver Ring.

To begin in the Royal Enclosure: the iron railings put up last year round the Queen's Lawn have been replaced by the "Queen's Wall," a beautifully designed low wall varying from about 2 ft. 6 in. to 3 ft. 6 in. in height, with flowers along the front. New iron stands—twelve rows of them—have been built on the lawn right along the front of the existing Members' Stand and Owners' Stand, which

will give a perfect view of racing and carry approximately 2,500 people. The Owners' has a new staircase from the lawn, which will be a great advantage; there is also a neat new snack bar at the back of this stand.

Another new bar, with waiter service only, has been made at the back of the Royal Enclosure by the door through to the boxes and Tattersalls. This will supply the tables arranged under the ilex tree and on the champagne terrace.

FROM here I went through to Tattersalls and the boxes. The first eleven ground floor boxes now have balconies, which are a tremendous improvement for watching the racing. Then farther down are 175 stalls, known as the new Alexandra Stalls. These have been erected below the boxes in the Alexandra Stand and will make more sitting room. Then to the Silver Ring, with its wonderful expanse of lawn; here two new stands have been built, each to hold a thousand people with shelter underneath.

Ascot, unlike many racecourses, has no shareholders to pay, so any profit that is made during the year is immediately put back into improving the conditions for racegoers. This famous course, where one undoubtedly sees the best racing in the world, has, for many years, had the attention, careful planning and tender care of two great men in racing—the Queen's representative, the Duke of Norfolk, and the late Sir John Crocker Buteel, whose death last February was a great blow to racing and to Ascot above all—the old saying that "no one is irreplaceable" is perhaps nearly an exception in this case.

Since Sir John's death the Duke of Norfolk has given Ascot even more of his time than before and has been down there every week. He has the good fortune to have a wonderful staff there whose loyalty and pride in the Ascot Racecourse and tremendously hard work throughout the year has achieved a very high standard of perfection. Let us hope we shall have four fine sunny days next week, when racegoers from all over the world can see our unique Royal Ascot race meeting at its best.

★ ★ ★

THE Ironmongers' Hall was once again the setting for a coming-out dance. This time Sir Edmund and the Hon. Lady Stockdale were host and hostess for their daughter Miss Anne Louise Stockdale. Superb white and yellow flowers decorated the ballroom, the library and the sitting-out rooms, and the Fountain Court was a cool haven for sitting out in. The Duke of Kent and his sister Princess Alexandra, who looked very pretty in a ballet length pink poult dress, were both present. Lady Stockdale wore a tiara and magnificent sapphire and diamond necklace with her blue evening dress, while Anne Louise was in a spotted silk organza dress.

As I arrived I met many dinner party hostesses coming in with their young guests. Among them was Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, accompanied by Mr. Peter Oldfield, the Countess of Portsmouth, whose daughters Lady Philippa and Lady Jane Wallop had their coming-out dance last month, the Hon. Denis and Mrs. Berry, the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Berry, Lord and Lady Brocket, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seely, and Brig. and Mrs. Derek Schreiber. The latter had her daughter Baroness d'Arcy de Knayth, who is one of the most charming of this year's débutantes, with her.

Other young people I watched dancing happily were Miss Susan Berry, Viscount Royston, Miss Gaynor Tregoning in white,

[Continued overleaf]



Sir Ronald Weeks, Lady Weeks and their daughter Pamela (above) waiting to welcome the guests at a cocktail party they gave recently. Sir Ronald was created a baron in the Birthday Honours List



Mr. Henry Tiarks, Mrs. Vane Ivanovic, Mrs. Tiarks and Mr. Vane Ivanovic



Sir Evelyn and Lady Broughton were among the company at Claridge's

Swaebe



Miss Phyllida Austin, the Hon. Susan Lever in white, the Hon. Cecily Somerset, Miss Elizabeth Rhys, Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Mr. David Bailey, Miss Cecilia Weikersheim, the Marquess of Hamilton and his very charming sister Lady Moira Hamilton, who was in-waiting with Princess Alexandra, Miss Charlotte Bowater and Miss Selina Hervey Bathurst, who both came out last year. I noticed that Sir Edmund and Lady Stockdale had arranged that the band should stop playing for a short while between dances, a much better arrangement than the usual modern way of playing non-stop all the evening.

Others among their guests were Lord and Lady Tryon, Mr. and Mrs. "Pop" Onslow Fane, the Hon. David and Lady Anne Rhys (she looked lovely wearing an orchid tulle dress with a beaded bodice, a tiara and other fine jewels), Lady Nell Harris, the Hon. Patrick and Lady Amabel Lindsay, the Earl of Brecknock, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy and Viscount Pollington, who came in the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Berry's dinner party.

★ ★ ★

FROM here I went on for a short while to the dance which Mrs. Theodore Palmers and Mrs. Ronald Pelham-Burn were giving for their daughters Miss Evelyn Palmers and Miss Flavia Pelham-Burn in Belgrave Square. This was another enjoyable, very well arranged event. Here again were beautiful flowers, grouped on the stairs and in all the rooms, and the ballroom was pleasantly cool on this very warm night, with the long french windows wide open looking over the gaily tented garden, where candlelit tables had been arranged for supper as well as in the attractive supper room adjoining the garden.

As Mr. Theodore Palmers is Honorary Consul at the Nicaraguan Consulate it was not surprising that there were several members of the Diplomatic Corps at the ball, including the Austrian Ambassador who had come from his fine Embassy across the square and joined his hostess and Lord and Lady Bruntisfield for supper in the garden, also the German Ambassador and the Philippine Ambassador. There were, too, a number of débutantes and young men who appeared to be having a wonderful evening.

★ ★ ★

MRS. PHYLLIS BEATRICE NEAL, whose portrait I reproduce here, is a woman of many interests. When last I heard from her a few days ago, she was telling me of the most amusing and successful Brains Trust Party held recently for the Memorial Centre of Help for Babies, to which she is now



MRS. PHYLLIS BEATRICE NEAL, of Brunswick Gardens, W.8, wife of Mr. Brian Neal, the crane maker (see accompanying paragraph)

devoting some of her many energies. This movement, founded by Mrs. Holman-Richards of 11 Wilton Place, S.W.1, is a private membership of friends whose aim is to provide for unwanted children to offset the loss of valued lives in the last war.

The Quiz Master at this Brains Trust, incidentally, was Geoffrey Gilbey, the racing journalist and writer; the Panel consisted of Dr. Eustace Chessier, Norah Swinburne, Miss Stickett, Douglas Wilmer, Basil Harvey and John Gilroy, A.R.A.

★ ★ ★

MEMBERS of both Houses of Parliament and many personalities of the Diplomatic Corps were present at a delightful reception given by Dr. Najib-Ullah, the Afghan Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. It was to celebrate Afghanistan's Independence Day and took place at Stanhope Gate. One of the first people I saw was the Marquess of Reading deep in conversation with a group of friends. Nearby were the Portuguese Ambassador, the Dominican Ambassador and Senora de Thomén, and Mr. Theodore Palmers of the Nicaraguan Consulate with his wife and débutante daughter Evelyn. As I was leaving rather early to go on to three other cocktail parties, the Soviet Ambassador, M. Malik, arrived with Mme. Malik, who looked very smart in a black and white printed ensemble.

From here I went on to Claridge's where Sir Ronald Weeks, the retiring chairman of Vickers-Armstrongs, and Lady Weeks were giving a big cocktail party. In the Birthday

Honours a couple of days later it was announced that the Queen had created Sir Ronald a baron in recognition of his services to the industry of this country, especially the aircraft industry. The Viscount aeroplanes, designed and built by Vickers, have put us ahead of all other countries with that type of plane, and are proving a splendid export line. Ship-building, too, is a most important Vickers activity, so it was not surprising to find the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Cilecennin, at the party, also the First Sea Lord, Earl Mountbatten of Burma, and Countess Mountbatten. Miss Pamela Weeks, looking very pretty in smoke blue, was there to help her parents.

VISCOUNT and Viscountess Kemsley I met talking to the Spanish Ambassador, the Duque de Primo de Rivera. A little farther in the ballroom, Viscount Bridgeman was with Lord and Lady Strathalmond, who were later joined by Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Cumming. Capt. the Hon. David and Mrs. Bethell, the latter very pretty in a grey and white print, came with his mother the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell. And I saw Mr. Kim and Lady Hermione Cobbold, Lord McGowan, Mr. Jack Profumo, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, and Mrs. Profumo, Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Brocas Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger, Mrs. Magnay and her daughter Miss Lavinia Tower, Viscount and Viscountess Knollys, Sibyl Lady Micklem, Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell and Sir Evelyn Delves Broughton and his very attractive wife.

My next party was a much smaller one given by Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Philip de Zulueta in their charming little house in Chelsea which Mrs. de Zulueta has decorated with great taste. Here the guests included the Prime Minister's wife, Lady Eden, Princess Schwarzenberg, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, and Mrs. de Zulueta's uncle and aunt, the Hon. Freddie and Mrs. Hennessy, talking to the Hon. Sherman Stonor and his débutante daughter Julia, who is not only most attractive, but also has great charm and beautiful manners.

SIR MALCOLM SARGENT, just back from a three weeks' engagement in Venezuela, was giving friends, including the Countess of Harewood and Sir William and Lady Mabane, a most interesting account of his trip. Sir David and Lady Kelly, Sir John and Lady Balfour, Mr. Anthony Devas, the clever portrait painter, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Miss Judy Dugdale, Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, Col. Gregory Hood and the Hon. Morys and Mrs.



Earl and Countess Mountbatten and Col. Charles Earle looking at some historical kettle-drums



Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, who won the V.C. in the last war, and Lady De L'Isle and Dudley



Viscount Anson and Lady Celia Wiggin inspecting porcelain models of officers lent by Viscount Anson



Bruce were others I saw enjoying this very good party.

I then went on for a few minutes to wish Miss Meriel Gold a very happy twenty-first birthday. Her grandmother, Mrs. W. A. Bailey, had lent her charming Ilchester Place house, which also has a pleasant little garden, for a cocktail party to which Meriel's mother, Mrs. Barnard-Hankey, had invited a few relations and many of Meriel's young friends. Among the former I met Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey and their two sons and daughter-in-law, Mr. Adrian and Lady Mary Bailey and Mr. David Bailey, also Miss Belinda Gold, Mr. Jamie Illingworth and his sister Mary, Mr. Ian Bailey who was later having his nieces and six or eight young friends to dine at his house, and Cdr. and Mrs. Duthy and their pretty daughter Fiona.

★ ★ ★

COUNTESS CADOGAN always makes a most successful chairman, as she was of this year's British-American Ball at the Dorchester. This event is held annually to raise funds to further mutual understanding and friendship between the peoples of the British Commonwealth and the United States of America. Countess Cadogan, who wore a tiara and other magnificent jewels with a midnight blue crinoline, received the guests with the American Minister in London, the Hon. Walworth Barbour, who was president of the ball, and Mr. K. McCrae Moir, chairman of the British-American Associates. Mrs. Aldrich had a party and was joined later in the evening by the U.S. Ambassador who had also been at Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's dinner. Mrs. Barbour was there to help her husband entertain their guests.

Earl and Countess Cadogan had a big party, too. Among guests with them were the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel Smith and the Hon. Harry and Mrs. Cubitt, the latter very attractive in a pale mauve dress.

Among others who came to give the ball their support were Cdr. Alan Noble, M.P. for Chelsea, and his attractive wife, who was in green satin, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Pearl, who had a party, Mrs. Flora Lion, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. John Christian, the Hon. Mrs. Suzanne Skyrme, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, who had a big party with them including a delightful American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Braga, the Duchess of Argyll, Lady Huggins, Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Davies, Mr. Peter Coats and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck.



**The Grenadier Guards** Tercentenary Exhibition at St. James's Palace, is a remarkable collection of the many treasures acquired by this famous regiment since their beginning in Flanders in 1656. Many items were lent by the Queen, the Colonel-in-Chief, from her private collection. Above: Lt.-Col. Sir Thomas Butler, who commands the Grenadier Guards, Lady Butler and Miss Caroline Butler standing near a statue of a Grenadier in 1815 uniform, and nineteenth-century Colours



*Lt.-Col. James Bowes-Lyon describing some of the regimental Colours to H.R.H. Princess Alice*



*The Duchess of Gloucester and General the Lord Jeffreys, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards*



*The Hon. Sandra Monson and her brother the Hon. Jeremy Monson, Grenadier Guards*





*The Victory, second in the Procession of Boats, passing Fellows' Eyot*

## ETON CELEBRATES THE FOURTH OF JUNE

*"The King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor, founded by King Henry VI in 1440"*

JENNIFER writes: A wet morning and a damp, windy afternoon sadly detracted from the joys of the Fourth of June at Eton this year. Cricket was not possible on Agar's Plough until after lunch and picnic lunches had to be eaten in the parents' cars or in the boys' rooms. Fortunately the rain held off for the fireworks on the river bank that end this traditional day which begins with morning Chapel at 9.25, speeches in Upper School at 10.45, and Absence an hour later. Then at 5.15 p.m. there is Choral Evensong in College Chapel followed by Absence. At 6.30 the Procession of Boats begins off Fellows' Eyot, then dinner; at 10 p.m. the second Procession of Boats floodlit, and at 10.30 the fireworks.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were there with Prince William, and the Duchess of Kent with Princess Alexandra and the Duke of Kent were escorted by Prince Michael of Kent, who is in Mr. Chamier's house. On Agar's Plough after lunch I saw the Provost, Mr. Claude Elliott, and the Headmaster, Mr. Robert Birley, greeting friends. As it was rather chilly to sit and watch the School XI playing Eton Ramblers, most people walked round the grounds (where a regimental band was playing), meeting their friends, and had a look at the Eton Beagles which were on view at the end of the field. Among those strolling round were Lord Jeffreys with his daughter-in-law Lady Rosemary Jeffreys and her sons Capt. Mark Jeffreys and Mr. George Jeffreys,

and Miss Sarah Garnett whom I had seen earlier lunching at the Guards Club at Maidenhead where Lady Rosemary's brother the Earl of Normanton and the Countess of Normanton were also lunching. The Earl and Countess of Mansfield brought their younger daughter Lady Mariota Murray and I saw the Earl and Countess of Rosse, the latter in a black and white printed silk suit, with their younger son the Hon. Desmond Parsons.

LT-GEN. and Mrs. Brocas Burrows were there with their younger son Michael—their elder son Mr. Richard Burrows was playing in the Eton XI. Viscount Kelburn was with his son the Hon. Patrick Boyle, and the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Butterwick with Lady Diana Douglas-Home, Col. and Mrs. Murray-Laws, Lady Pender and her twin nephews James and Michael Denison-Pender, Lady Wrixon-Becher and her pretty teenage daughter, Miss Alexandra Bridgewater, and Sir Giles and Lady Loder and their sons were also there.

Mrs. Edward Slesinger and her younger son Anthony, who were having a big party for supper and fireworks, were present, the Hon. Henry Allsopp, and his sons, Viscount Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Baring and their two sons, Lady Lyell of Kinnordy and her son Lord Lyell, and Master Charles Henry Mayes, son of Capt. and Mrs. Andrew Mayes who, though only six months old, was enjoying his first Fourth from his pram!

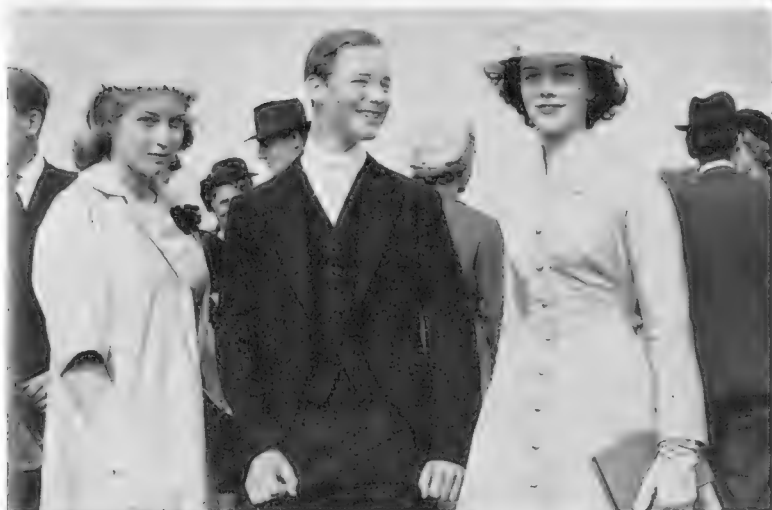


Miss Caroline Starkey was with her brother, Mr. John Starkey



Mr. William Loyd, Miss Dominie Riley-Smith and Miss Belinda Loyd

Miss Victoria Dennistoun, the Hon. Martin Parsons and Miss Patricia Barker



Mr. K. F. Malcolmson, the Precentor, with Lady Burghley and her son Anthony Forbes



Timothy Allhusen, his mother the Hon. Mrs. Derek Allhusen, Miss Diana Birkbeck and Major Derek Allhusen

Richard Butler, Lady Butler, Miss Caroline Butler and Miss Caroline Johnstone had just watched the Procession of Boats



John Pascoe, Miss Belinda Pascoe, Miss Wendy Raphael, the Hon. Angela Cecil and Mr. David Lowe on Agar's Plough

Desmond O'Neill





## FORTNIGHT OF BLISS FOR THE COLLECTORS

*KENNETH GREGORY writes of the rare and fascinating objects to be seen at the Antique Dealers' Fair which opens at Grosvenor House today, and of the absorbing enthusiasm of the collector*

*A water buffalo with a Chinese rider, decorated in transparent blue and tortoiseshell glazes. English Whielden pottery showing a strong Oriental influence*



CECILY in Wilde's play did not dissent when told that she seemed "in every way the visible personification of absolute perfection." On the contrary, she did the only sensible thing and copied Algernon's remarks into her diary. Yet there was a flaw in his reasoning which will become apparent to all collectors of antiques when I remind them that Cecily was only just eighteen.

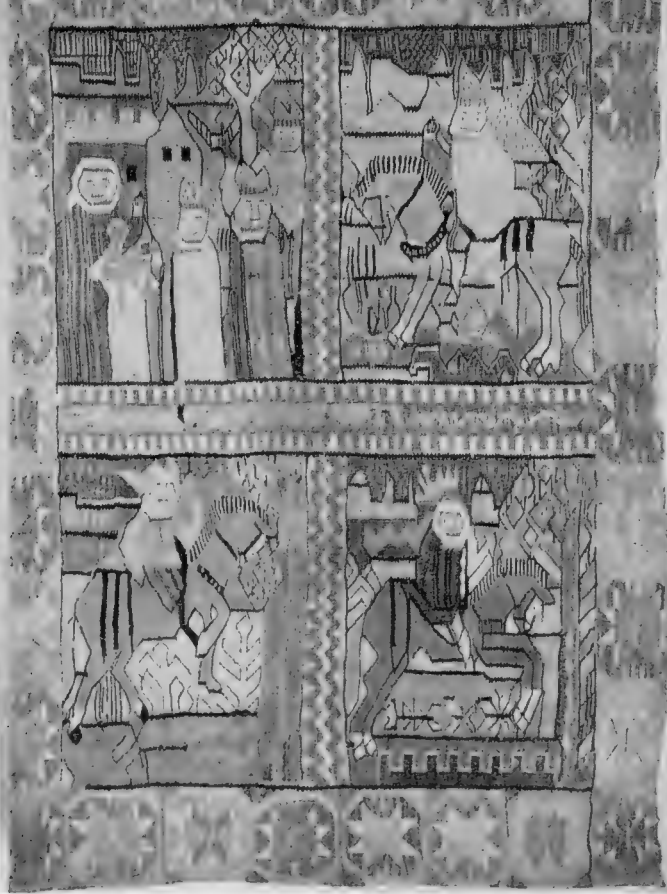
Absolute perfection is of course attainable even in this world, but only if it is at least 127 years old. To idealists, who value women more than old china, I would suggest they follow in the train of Lady Eden who today opens the Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition in the Great Hall of Grosvenor House. There they will encounter the absolute in countless forms, exquisite *objets d'art* gathered from all over the country, each of them fashioned prior to 1830. Why this seemingly arbitrary date? Well, it is said that this year of revolution marked the end of the period of craftsmanship and the beginning of mechanization. An unconvincing argument perhaps, and certainly less potent than the business one—anything made after 1830 is subject to duty on entry into the United States!

The underlying theme of the Fair has been echoed somewhere by L. P. Hartley: "How stealthily, like the imperceptible approaches of a painless but fatal illness, does a passion for the antique grow on one!" The Fair is both an invitation to buy and a challenge to become immersed in vanished worlds which would have passed for ever but for the genius of craftsmen. At worst, it constitutes a form of elegant escapism; at best, a tribute to the taste we ourselves have acquired.

THE antique shop which catches my eye is, if not empty, suggestive of existing *in vacuo*, with as much regard to our normal surroundings as a Mozart aria. This sense of emptiness must be intentional, remotely connected with what the army knows as psychological warfare. Once inside an antique shop we are at once conscious of some subtle change. The noise of traffic loses its immediacy, passers-by are just so many gesticulating wraiths. Soon we are beguiled by a Jacobite glass or a Meissen teapot; our imaginations take wing into the past which we accommodate to our own private vision and scheme of things.

There is about antiques a blessed impassivity which is not shaken by the doubtless democratic decision of the *Board of Trade Journal* to term them "objects of art." (What a sign of the age!) That scrap of paper near the Tigerware jug we are coveting, it contains the dealer's own hieroglyphics denoting the price. Foolishly we examine it. We might as well be attempt-





A very rare Norwegian tapestry panel depicting the Adoration of the Magi, embroidered in a variety of colours



A silver urn for tea, coffee or chocolate, magnificently decorated with ships, dolphins, shells and other sea creatures

ing a translation of Sanskrit. Then, from behind the chastely embroidered screen—and it makes no difference if we are treading the lush carpet of a dedicated Mayfair establishment or creaking the insecure floor of some snug den in the back streets of a cathedral city—the dealer himself appears. His face betokens a day more auspicious by far than the one foretold in our horoscope. The dealer does not actually say, he merely implies, the absolute may be ours. We are grateful for our initial perception.

Was ever man so cheerfully devoted as the antique dealer? His secret, as we have learned from L. P. Way's delectable autobiography, lies in his aim: not a fortune but beloved activity among congenial surroundings. He does not fake worm holes by discharging a twelve-bore gun at the legs of a table, he states: "This, of its kind and period, is a genuine piece." As we watch the humblest of the brotherhood cleaning brass in a corner of his shop, we comprehend his devotion to an ideal, the absolute. He is the happiest of men for, with experience, he will be a connoisseur, whose art is not simply one of acquiring personal possessions. The quest for the absolute is an attitude of mind.

NEARLY three centuries ago, in the *Annus Mirabilis* which saw the restoration of the Stuart monarchy, John Evelyn took some relations to view the "closset of rarities" of Charles II. The great diarist particularly esteemed:

... a vast number of achates, anyxes and intaglios, especially a medallion of Caesar, as broad as my hand; ... and amongst the clocks, one that shew'd the rising and setting of the Sun in the Zodiac, the Sunn represented by a face and raies of gold, upon an azure skie, observing the diurnal and annual motion, rising and setting behind a landscape of hills.

Evelyn valued the collector for himself, and so in our turn should we.

How delighted he would have been to hear dealers' stories of that incomparable connoisseur, the late Queen Mary. My favourite, because so typical and indicative of that lady's character, is of Her Majesty entering a shop and perusing its contents in silence for ten minutes. Then a small piece of china caught her eye. She picked it up.

"Surely I saw a piece very like that, it must be more than

fifty years ago, in the castle of (let us say) Guildenstern in Germany?"

To which the awed dealer, suddenly aware that he was in the presence, humbly replied:

"That, Ma'am, is the piece you saw. It was part of the Guildenstern collection."

Queen Mary was the first Patron of the Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition. She would, I think, have loved the word "serendipity," so cooling to the tongue, which has come to me. At Grosvenor House is a pair of eighteenth-century wall lanterns in gilt and mahogany, each surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings. Until its demolition before the war, these commanded the main staircase of Norfolk House in St. James's Square.



HORACE WALPOLE attended the opening in 1756 and was entranced by the magnificence of the house. Today the wall lanterns remain, and also the word "serendipity" which Walpole coined and we might accept to describe the *raison d'être* of antique dealers, "the faculty of making happy and unexpected discoveries by accident."

Our search for the absolute has its domestic uses. Complete in itself as the symbol of tranquillity and continuity is an early nineteenth-century bird cradle. Soaring high above the body of the bird wherein lay the baby is a long neck with the swan's head in the posture of guardianship. As

a companion piece, though made two hundred years previously, is a fine basket of coloured beads threaded on wire and silk and used for layettes at christenings. This example depicts the family: a father, mother and child with their pet dog and mansion.

Those who have thrilled at the adventures of Dr. Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary during the past months must study the pair of revolving globes—the Terrestrial sphere and the Celestial globe—the work of Matthias Greuter who was born eight years before Shakespeare. For here is the world of the Elizabethans, that strange and distant world of the empire founders.

the great globe itself,  
Yea, that which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
The globes of Greuter will never be allowed to dissolve. They are part of our precious absolute.





Mimi Benzell, star of the Metropolitan Opera, New York

## CHAMPAGNE AND CANDLELIGHT

*ROBERT TREDINNICK, the gramophone record critic and authority on the entertainment world, writes of the great age of cabaret, and some of its few outstanding stars of today*



Eartha Kitt

It was to the credit and patronage of the famous *viveurs* of the period, Lord Hastings and the Duke of Hamilton amongst them, that London's night life prospered in the sixties. Then Piccadilly and the district stretching southwards teemed with places equivalent to the modern night club without gambling. Kate Hamilton's, Rose Burton's, Barnes, the Burmese, Jack Percival's, all claimed a steady regular clientele, whilst Motts "Night House" in Foley Street catered exclusively for the aristocracy; parvenus, no matter how wealthy, were refused the door.

Progress in the shape of the emancipation of women, the acceptance of that powerful class known as "business," and the decline of autocracy has changed the pattern of the late night haunts but not, to any extent, the locale in which they are still to be found. In the twenties, when London really let down her hair and went madly gay, there was an attempt to disperse these night clubs and cabarets over a much wider area. At that time Murray's, Romano's, the Grafton Galleries, Rector's, the Cosmo Club, and Prince's Galleries could all be guaranteed to produce some snappy entertainment and a surfeit of Barribal-like women in addition.

By the middle twenties London had accepted the first big floor shows, at the Queen's Hall Roof, where the very young Jack Hylton played the piano, and the "Midnight Follies" at the Hotel Metropole.

It was at this time that the unique night club personality, Mrs. Kate Merrick, made her mark with such brilliant definition that no one has ever succeeded in emulating her highly specialized technique. The "43" really meant something to the night birds of the metropolis, much more in effect than did the plushiness of Ciro's or the Embassy.

The Kit Kat with the legendary Sophie Tucker opened its doors; Dora Maugham, Nora Bayes, Marion Harris, Layton and Johnstone, Lucienne Boyer, Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson, Harry Richman, Douglas Byng, Frances Day, and "Hutch," drew the town to Prince's, the Monseigneur, the Café Anglais, Piccadilly Hotel, and Chez Victor. Then Cochran presented a wonderfully chic Trocabaret at the Trocadero and the gaiety of London's after-theatre life was replete.

Today the focus is becoming steadily dimmer. For the most part the *esprit* of the pre-1939 cabaret has vanished. The get-rich-quick boys with their padded shoulders, sleek hair and pallid complexions have got their claws on this side of London's night entertainment, resulting in repercussions far too nauseatingly familiar to warrant further comment.

At the re-fashioned Café de Paris special attractions are billed for midnight and here for the moment is Miss Eartha Kitt, a negress with a shrewd talent, and a style far better suited to her own *boite* than anywhere else. Miss Kitt is brittle, harsh and hard like the "rocks" over which she pours forth some very earthy observations. Her timing is immeasurably subtle and she has an accompanist who has to be seen (and heard) to be believed. It could be, but for the penumbral atmosphere pervading, that this gentleman is really the act; though I admit that is scarcely fair on Miss Kitt nor indeed strictly justified.

Cabaret is a regular attraction at the Savoy Hotel restaurant where recently both Lena Horne and Dorothy Dandridge have brought sheer delight to London. At present Metropolitan Opera star Mimi Benzell, who was last in London in 1947, shows there that versatility and a fine singing voice can march hand in hand.

Miss Benzell has the able support of two young men. In concert they are delightful, and while she never overloads the act there is never doubt of her capabilities.

Whether offering grand opera, ragtime, songs of Victor Herbert, or reminding us of the "Gaby Glide" and the almost mythical Gaby Delys, Miss Benzell is always enchantingly acceptable, polished and talented.

It has indeed fallen to "Hutch" to project his career as a cabaret entertainer over two generations. Currently for yet another season he is packing Quaglinos and the Allegro with the smartest audiences in London. Here the atmosphere is much more like that at a large private party than a public restaurant. If ever any artist had the complete formula for cabaret, that artist is "Hutch."



Dorothy Dandridge



"Hutch"





Mrs. Robert Homans, Mr. Charles Harding and Mrs. R. Hare



Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Abel-Smith

Mr. T. Thornton and Miss T. Ruscoe

Miss J. Power and Mr. V. Clicquot

## Event to forward Anglo-U.S. amity

THE British-American Ball at the Dorchester Hotel was held in aid of British-American Associates, the organization which furthers British-U.S. understanding and co-operation. A cabaret was given by Miss Anona Winn, M.B.E., during the evening



Countess Cadogan, chairman of the ball, and Mr. K. McCrae Moir, M.C.



Miss Lucy Bailey and Mr. Robin Hill were also among the guests



Mr. D. Winsloe, Miss P. Stewart-Smith, Mr. A. Bullough and Mrs. Bullough



Swaeb

## DAME PEGGY ASHCROFT

THIS accomplished actress, who has been giving performances of great perfection since her first success in *Jew Suss* in 1929, has been made a D.B.E. in the Birthday Honours. There is perhaps no other actress on the stage today who can merge her personality so completely into the infinite variety of parts she has played. Only her beautiful voice is recognizable in characters so widely different as Shakespeare's Juliet, Hedda Gabler—her greatest achievement—Catherine Sloper in *The Heiress* and the strange gardening expert in *The Chalk Garden* now at the Haymarket



Vivienne

## Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

I HAVE been indulging in a preliminary glance at some of the exhibits in this year's Antique Dealers' Fair, which opens today at Grosvenor House and which is the subject of another article in this issue.

Among much splendour from other countries and from other centuries, the glory of the Fair, as always, lies in the English eighteenth century, when this country was supreme in the domestic arts. Look at the tiny bachelor's chest of walnut, made in about 1720, shown by Phillips of Hitchin; the inlaid marble chimneypiece by Adam, shown by Pratt and Sons; the four Chelsea red-anchor figures of the seasons, made in the seventeen-fifties, and displayed by Delomosne. They are not the finest exhibits, necessarily, or—by thous-

ands—the only beautiful ones, but they are typical, in their various ways, of an age when the simplest country craftsman was incapable of putting a chisel or a potter's thumb wrong.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the most recent changes in the London scene is the disappearance of the little covered handcarts that bakers' men pulled along every town street and suburban road until the outbreak of the last war. They were lovingly made by craftsmen, and so beautifully balanced (according to William Buchanan, who spent sixty years or so of his life in making them, and whom I was talking to in Chelsea

the other day), that when they were fully laden—with three hundred two-pound loaves—they were easier to pull than when they were empty.

MR. BUCHANAN was apprenticed to his father, who built landaus and barouches—young William used to admire his father's handiwork in Hyde Park of a Victorian Sunday afternoon—and even as late as the nineteen-thirties he couldn't build his bakers' handcarts fast enough. They cost thirty-five pounds or so to make in those days—it would be nearer a hundred now—and they were hired out at a couple of shillings a week; came back every two years for varnishing; and would last for sixty years, he reckoned.



The war put an end to it all, and people nowadays fetch their own limp loaves, each in its own hygienic waxed paper, from the local branch of some grocery chain. But what about the handcarts, so beautifully made, and made to last, which filled Mr. Buchanan's yard? One was bought by the London Museum, and is already on show, I'm told, at Kensington Palace—the most recent of all antiques. The others are undergoing the gayest of transmutations, which is what I went to Chelsea to see. For next door to the handcart establishment in Radnor Walk is David Rawnsley's pottery, and Buchanan and Rawnsley between them hit on the idea of painting the carts in bright colours, putting in little windows, and turning them into children's play-caravans, mobile toolsheds and, with striped awnings, picnic bars for big gardens.

These are the prettiest pieces of garden furniture I have seen for a long time, and I only wish my own pocket-handkerchief of a garden would take one. You can buy an unconverted handcart, still emblazoned with the name of the baker and the list of his gold medals, for about a fifth of what it cost to make twenty years ago; and one completely done up for children for under thirty pounds. But don't write to me about them; write to Radnor Walk.

★ ★ ★

CHANGING third-class railway carriages to second, by a stroke of the pen, won't, I suppose, make them any cleaner, or less crowded, or the engines that draw them any more punctual. First class could have become *de luxe* by the same process, and still smelled dusty. It's all part of British Railways' decision to fall into line with everybody else in Western Europe, and have firsts and seconds instead of the illogical firsts and thirds. Falling into line is a new thing for Britain: she'll be putting her name on her postage stamps next, and adopting the metric system. The other country that has had to make a change is Sweden, where—if I remember right—there used to be only seconds and thirds: to have a first class was regarded as undemocratic.

All of which talk of railways reminds me to wonder whether Sir Brian Robertson heard the story that I heard. When the Soviet architects who were visiting here recently were taken to see one of our new satellite towns, and said that the housing projects were the best things they had seen in Britain, they were asked what was the *worst* thing they had seen. "The train we've just come in," was the answer.

★ ★ ★

PERHAPS the best thing about cricket—better than playing it, or watching it, even—is that it is a game that breeds personalities and, with personalities, of course, good talk. Myself, I have never been a cricketer, and not even much of a watcher, though these two ageing eyes have seen Archie Maclaren and John Thomas Tyldesley in their old age; I have swapped Latin tags with C. B. Fry; and sat, an enthralled



JOHN CHRISTIE has been largely responsible for the awakened interest of the British in opera. In 1934 he instituted the first Glyndebourne Festival in the grounds of his beautiful house in Sussex; it was a resounding success. Now, with the latest lighting equipment and stage facilities, Glyndebourne is famous all over the world; it is unique for the splendour of its productions, its fine singers and musicians and beautiful setting. Tomorrow the 1956 season opens with *Idomeneo*, a season to be devoted entirely to Mozart's works, in honour of the composer's bicentenary. Mr. Christie, who was made a Companion of Honour in 1954, and won the Military Cross in World War One, was educated at Eton, where he was at one time a master, and Trinity College, Cambridge. As a great Sussex figure he was a few years ago given the Freedom of Lewes

#### TOOTH AND BEAUTY

*Why should a marrow three feet round,  
A strawberry weighing half a pound,  
A parsnip over two feet long  
(Regardless whether mild or strong)  
Be worshipped by admiring hordes  
And sure to carry off awards?  
What matters if a runner bean  
Is longer than was ever seen?  
Why should potatoes highly rate  
That overlap a dinner plate?  
The growers show them, we surmise,  
Because they know they'll win a prize.  
But surely, more than length and girth,  
We should assess the table worth!  
A vegetable lacking taste  
Is so much rubbish, so much waste.  
Enough of ounces, inches, feet!  
The point is—are they nice to eat?*

—PRENDERCAST

small boy, on the popular side at Old Trafford, to see the darkly handsome, legendary Reggie Spooner emerge from retirement and walk to the wicket, cheered all the way, to score only a few—but what magic—runs against the ancient enemy.

There was something of the same delight, the other evening, to find that a fellow-guest at a Kensington dinner-party was Arthur Mailey, whose slow spinners took so many English wickets in the nineteen-twenties, over here for the present series of Test matches, to practise his other craft of caricature for a Sydney newspaper.

We sat in—or does one say "on"?—a little roof-garden, as the stars came out, and an owl hooted, over the tree-tops of Onslow Square (what a countrified air London can now and again contrive!) and Arthur Mailey summoned up for us the heat and the barracking and the good-fellowship, the heroes and the great eccentrics of the game. Especially, he talked about wicket-keepers, for they, of course, are the most idiosyncratic of all cricketers; some of them playboys, some poets, some of them show-offs, some melancholics, some simple crackpots, but as characters all a little larger than life. George Duckworth he talked about in deference to me, his Lancashire listener—Duckworth, who had the loudest appeal in cricket history, and who used to be attended, on Australian grounds, by clouds of flies, attracted by the raw beefsteaks inside his gloves.

I liked the story of Duckworth, approached by a bore who claimed attention and small talk on the slender grounds that "I've got an uncle in Lancashire, myself." "That's nowt," said Duckworth, "I've got six."

BUT, especially, Mailey talked of that *grand-guignol* figure, "Sammy" Carter—I wonder if even his mother called him by his proper first name of "Hanson?"—who kept wicket for Australia in Mailey's time, and who was an undertaker by trade. Mailey swears that Sammy used to drive to the Sydney Oval in his hearse, and change into flannels from the top-hat and frock-coat he wore professionally, and had arrived in. The white gloves of the trade were never removed; Sammy pulled his wicket-keeper's gloves over them.

Once, in Adelaide, which I gather to be a dull, provincial town, by Sydney standards, Mailey noticed that Sammy was looking more lugubrious even than usual, and suggested to him, "I expect you'd like to be back in Sydney, Sammy, and see a bit of life." "I'd like to be back in Sydney," said Sammy, "and see a bit of death."

Mailey is a quiet man, with a straight-faced, astringent humour—modest, but with a proper pride in his own achievements. Once, before a Test match, not long after his own playing days were over, he was seen at the nets giving tips and practice to Ian Peebles; and an Australian looker-on protested against his thus revealing his tricks to the other side. "Art," retorted Mailey, "is international."



*Lt.-Col. E. B. Studd and Lt. A. H. McConnel, chief  
umpire and Cirencester official coach*



*Lord Gisborough and Mr. M. Trotter were playing  
for the Royal Agricultural College*

## A POLO FIXTURE AT CIRENCESTER

THE Cirencester Park Polo Club played the first of their thirteen fixtures this year in excellent conditions. The teams taking part were the Household Brigade Polo Club, the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, the Royal Agricultural College and the Mixed Grill team

*Mrs. Frank Spriggs and Mrs.  
Anthony Balding*

*Miss Diana Crauford was with  
Miss Sally Harris*



*Miss A. Kidman, Miss S. Eykyn, Mrs. Peter  
Beak and the Hon. Mrs. John Shedden. Below:  
Mrs. E. B. Studd and Mr. and Mrs. D. Coleridge*



*Lt.-Col. H. Brassey and Col. H.  
Guinness, one of the players*



*Mrs. H. Burden, the Hon. Mrs.  
Devereux and Viscount Hereford*



P. C. Palmer





## THE JUMPING AT CARDIFF

THIS show which is always very well attended by visitors from all over the West Country was held this year at Pontcanna Farm, Cardiff, where some very fine show jumping was seen.

Above: Lady Boothby, M.F.H., with the Glamorganshounds

Miss Susan Whitehead, the show jumper, rode in the open event

Col. Sir Godfrey Llewellyn, the President, and Col. Harry Llewellyn



Mr. W. L. Foden, Miss Owen Harries and Mr. John Havard

Miss Mary Barnes and Miss Mary Hughes, two young jumping competitors



P. C. Palmer Brig. and Mrs. H. S. K. Mainwaring

Brig. and Mrs. P. H. Richardson





F. J. Goodman

MLLE. VIOLETTE LE FUEL, who is to be married this month to M. Robert Cointreau, is a daughter of the late M. Hector le Fuel. She is also a direct descendant of Jacob-Desmalterre, Napoleon's cabinet-maker, and is seen in her mother's Paris apartment which contains many of his pieces

### Priscilla in Paris

## RETURN OF THE CHANTEUSE

I HAVE forgotten exactly how many months—perhaps more than a whole year's-worth of them!—have passed since Edith Piaf has appeared in Paris. There have been triumphs all over Europe and the States, whence she has just returned, but she seems to have given her home town a miss, or is it I who have missed her appearance here?

Last night as I waited for the heavy curtains of claret-coloured velvet to open on her song number that fills the second half of the excellent variety programme at the Olympia, I found my heart beating faster than usual. Would I find her changed? We are always a little anxious when our best-beloved stars have been away too long and Edith rates high amongst our dearest loves.

ALTHOUGH she reached stardom just before the last war—which makes her quite a veteran as these things are rated at present—even the rising generation of entertainment-goers who only recently have been promoted to the possession of a latch key, queue up to see her. They whistle her songs, save up to buy her records and demand autographs. Old fogies who knew her when she was *la même Piaf* and still carried the imprint of extreme poverty and unhappy childhood adore her with a more sentimental love, and are sorry when her old success *La Vie en Rose* is not included in her *tour de chant*.

We did not get it on this occasion but there was no call for sadness; she gave us *La Goulante du Pauvre Jean* instead and we did not complain. Three new songs have become instantaneous successes. All three are dramatic and Madame Piaf invests them with a poignant sadness that rends the heart. They are: *Une Dame*, *Toi qui Sait* and *les Amants d'un Jour*. Listen for them when she comes to London.

EDITH PIAF is unchanged fundamentally. Superficially there are small changes but ones that inevitably would have come with the years of success. The unruly and somewhat matted curls of her early days now exhibit the more sophisticated sheen of expert care. Thank the stars, however, that her slim, white, expressive hands have not yet dipped their extremities into gore. Her pale cheeks are no longer hollow and her ever-anxious eyes are unshadowed. I have one small quarrel with her appearance; she still clings to the disfiguring horror of plucked eyebrows. Such a pity now that fashion allows eyes to have their natural thatch! Her simple black frock is still simple, but it is the simplicity that only success can afford. A little gold cross is still the only jewel she wears . . . on the stage. Her tremendous voice is as amazing as ever and coming from her frail, child-like body is always an astonishment.

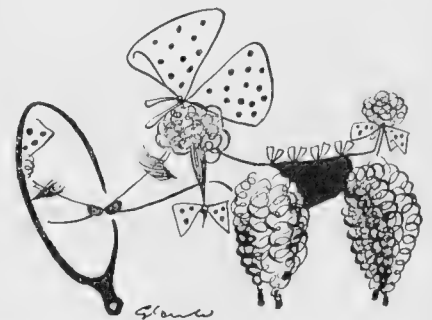
The Olympia was crowded and, with the usual, carefree defiance of all police regulations,

extra chairs were squeezed into gangways and odd corners. Amongst the notabilities present were Georges Auric, the composer; Philippe d'Erlanger, Jacques Thibault, Pierre Descaves the director of the *Comédie Française*, Paul Meurisse the film and stage star who started his career as a "boy" in musical comedy and who is joining the *comédiens français* next autumn, and Michèle Morgan who stoically sat out the evening on one of the hard, extra wooden chairs. She would have been far more comfortable if she had brought her own camp-stool.

WRITING of the little gold cross that is the only jewel that Piaf wears on the stage reminds me that Mistinguett's magnificent collection of jewellery is to be sold shortly, on the decision of her son the eminent surgeon, Dr. de Lima e Silva, her brother, Maurice Bourgeois, and his charming wife, known to the theatrical world of Paris as "Fraisette." One never realized that *la Mistinguett* had such wonderful gems. In the rags and tatters of her realistic rôles they remained in her jewel case (which was as big as a hat box—and hats were big in the days when she started the collection!) When, or if, she wore them on the stage they merely became part of the surrounding gorgeousness of the spectacular scenes of the great shows at the Casino, the Folies or the Moulin Rouge. She was not particularly fond of what she called her "baubles." Of a certain slave chain of magnificent diamonds that was given to her during World War One by an admirer who owned a string of butchers' shops, she vowed that she enjoyed the joints he gave her far more than the chains. I can vouch for it personally that her friends did!

MUSIC of a very different order to the plaintive, heart-wrenching songs with which Piaf delighted us was enjoyed respectfully at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées with Mr. Benjamin Britten's *The Turn Of The Screw*, this being one of the manifestations of this year's International Festival of *l'Art Lyrique*. To quote from the well-known Parisian critic, M. René Favart: "This chamber opera, like all Mr. Britten's work, strikes by its force, its inspiration and its strangeness."

Amongst the spectators composing an extremely appreciative audience were H.E. the British Ambassador and Lady Jebb; Nora Auric, whom I seem to have missed at the Olympia, resplendent in white satin; Jacques Février, the Baronne de Navacelle, Mme. Hubert Fauche, Mme. Bonnier de la Chapelle, the Comtesse Hallez, André de Fouquières and Mme. du Serre-Telmon, who are all great admirers of the famous English composer. It was a most felicitous evening.



### Bouton de colère

● Monsieur Dupont swallows a collar stud. Very calmly and patiently he allows himself to be radioed and operated on. The surgeon is unable to find the elusive stud. Monsieur Dupont is really annoyed: "Mon Dieu!" he cries. "Must I then buy a new one?"





Houston Rogers

## THE STRENUOUS LIFE OF A PRIMA BALLERINA

ANNE HEATON made a welcome return to London last month in Kenneth MacMillan's new ballet "Noctambules," her first appearance in the capital since leaving Covent Garden in January to join the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet as their prima ballerina for a long provincial tour. She learned and danced most of the principal roles within the repertoire, including "Le Lac des Cygnes" Act 2, "House of Birds," "The Rake's Progress" and "Blood Wedding"—a considerable achievement. This month she flies to Spain to lead the company in two performances at the Granada Festival



*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
JUNE 13,  
1956  
590*



*Mrs. P. Young, Mrs. P. Burnett and Mr. P. Young on board Nausikaa*



*Mr. Peter Matthey, fifth in the I.S.C. race with his fiancée Miss Jennefer Harvey*

## THREE BRITISH YACHT CLUBS RACED TO CHERBOURG

A RECORD number of yachts from this country raced to Cherbourg, always a favourite objective for the season's first foreign cruise. There were three passage races—the Island Sailing Club's and the South Coast One Designs from Cowes, and the Parkstone Yacht Club's from Poole, and on the day of arrival 124 British yachts were tightly packed in the harbour (above), including many famous ocean racing boats, brought over by the cream of the Solent yachtsmen



*Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Evans who won the South Coast One Design race*





Mr. Franklin Woodroffe and Mr. John Houghton, both owner-helmsmen



Miss Louisa Taylor, Miss Joy Stephens, Mr. J. Stephens and Mr. R. Jennings aboard Merlin



Miss Pamela Carey-Wood on the deck of Blue Cygnet



Mr. R. F. Gillham, owner of Jolina, and Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Lowein of S.C.O.D. Lullaby



Cdr. N. A. Littlejohn, Mr. A. P. Constantine, Mr. J. G. Cronk, Mr. Clive Clarke and Mr. J. R. Dean on board the 8-metre Caryl



Mrs. G. M. Stewart-Wallace, Mrs. D. J. Boyer and Mrs. C. W. Stobie



Mr. Victor Dark, Mr. Bosworth Monck, Miss Jean Mansell, Sir Michael Newton, Bt., owner of Favona, and Mr. Hugh Cundall, the winning crew of the Island S.C.



"THE RAINMAKER" (St. Martin's) Above: Travelling "con-man" Bill Starbuck (Sam Wanamaker), a talented purveyor of romance if not of rain, Lizzie Currie, the plain girl (Geraldine Page) who is transformed by his magic, Noah Currie, a depressing realist (Gordon Tanner), H. C. Curry (Wilfrid Lawson), a daughter-doting father, and Jim Curry (Neil McCallum), who believes in miracles. Below: Sheriff Thomas (Launce Maraschal) finds liquid consolation during the discomforts of the rainless heat. Drawings by Emmwood

## At the Theatre

# WILD WEST BLUESTOCKING

WE all get tired sometimes of living in a hard world where things are as they are and their consequences just what might be expected. Hence, perhaps, the sure-fire appeal for us of stage fantasies showing the confidence man miraculously getting away with it. He is impudent enough to hope; mugs put their money on his hope; and, lo and behold, the hope produces untaxable dividends. How agreeable to share vicariously in the delight of the mugs. We feel as if we had won an enormous sweepstake against impossible odds and that there is everything to be said after all for faith pure and simple.

QUITE the most tonic of these stage pick-me-ups that have come to us from Broadway is *The Rainmaker* at the St. Martin's Theatre. The little comedy moves with the rhythm of a daydream in which what is divertingly absurd mingles nicely with what is tender and, in its way, true. If ever a family needed cheering up it is the Curry family of ranchers—father, two sons and daughter.

There has been no rain for weeks and the heifers are dying while the cowboys suffocate. This is more or less routine tribulation. What really bothers them, and especially the daughter-proud old man, is that unless Lizzie soon marries she is unlikely to marry at all.

This is unthinkable. Lizzie is a darned good sort, but she just doesn't know how to get a man. You could never call her

anything but plain. Still, she has a good figure and it is not her plainness that scares men but the bluntly uncompromising intelligence of her talk. What cowboy wants to marry a schoolmarm who knows exactly where Madagascar is to be found on the map. Miss Geraldine Page—in the most amusing and touching rendering of helpless spinsterish gaucherie since Dame Peggy Ashcroft was in *The Heiress*—shows the curse at work.

Her devoted family have tried to decoy a deputy sheriff to supper and the most tactless of them has incurred a big black eye for his pains, but the sought-after man comes, not for supper, but to apologize for the hasty blow. Lizzie excels herself, passing from painful shyness through an awful outspokenness to a still more awful archness, and the possible husband escapes in a cloud of dust.

COMES, in the person of Mr. USam Wanamaker, the glib confidence man promising for a consideration to conjure a downpour from the unrelentingly blue sky. Surprisingly, the old man (with Mr. Wilfrid Lawson's rumbling chuckle) falls for the trick "because once in a

life you gotta trust a con-man." They all co-operate with a will (except the elder brother of Mr. Gordon Tanner, who is an unsympathetic realist), but the rain god makes no sort of response to imitation thunder and the con-man turns his attention to the more human problem of Lizzie. All she lacks, he decides, is confidence. She has so little of it that she has not yet dared to think of herself as a woman.

The confidence trick works beautifully.

For a wonderful hour Lizzie is induced to be the lovely Melisande of a dream of romance and beauty and, waking, finds that she has, in fact, two suitors to choose between.

THIS situation is most pleasingly contrived, and it leaves the heroine a crucial question to decide. Is Melisande a better name than Lizzie? Which name is the more truly romantic? Mr. Wanamaker, rogue with a sense of romantic vocation, fits exactly into the pattern of Mr. Roland Nash's delightful comedy, and the rest of the players give him unflinchingly talented support.

—Anthony Cookman







## A MARTINET TO THE LIFE

LOYD NOLAN as he appears in the rôle of Lt.-Cdr. Queeg, the neurotic captain of the minesweeper *Caine*, in the play *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*, which opens at the London Hippodrome tonight. The play was a resounding success on Broadway, where it had a very long run, and Lloyd Nolan received the coveted New York Critics' Award and the Donaldson Award for the most outstanding stage actor of 1954 as tributes to his magnificent acting in the part of Queeg. Although cinemagoers in this country have seen him in such films as *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn*, and *Guadacanal Diary*, he has never so far appeared on the stage in England



SUSAN STEPHEN (above) stars with Denholm Elliott as his wife in the film adaptation of Sir Arthur Grimble's charming reminiscences, *A Pattern Of Islands*, which has been re-titled *Pacific Destiny*, now showing in London



Jean Claude Pascal and Gina Lollobrigida have leading parts in *The Card Of Fate*, the drama of a superstitious Foreign Legionnaire

### At the Pictures

## THERÈSE TAKES TO THE RAILS

WHEN M. Marcel Carné's superb film, *Le Jour se Lève*, was bought up by the Americans and remade as nothing more than a good, competent Hollywood job, we wept for M. Carné. I weep no more—for he has now proved that he, too, is not above tampering with a masterpiece.

I do not say his *Thérèse Raquin* is a bad film—it is, in fact, beautifully directed, cast and acted—but it is simply not *Thérèse Raquin*. There is a fine inevitability about M. Emile Zola's ruthless story. Thérèse and her lover Laurent, having murdered her weakling husband, Camille, will find neither happiness nor peace. The accusing eyes of Mme. Raquin, the dead man's mute and totally paralysed mother, are upon them: guilt and fear will inexorably drive the lovers to destroy one another—which, according to M. Zola, is exactly what happens. Love explodes into hatred and they die at each other's hands—victims of their own culpability.

THIS, though good enough for the many who have previously adapted the story for stage or screen, is not good enough for M. Carné. His Laurent (handsome Signor Raf Vallone) kills the wretched Camille (M. Jacques Duby) not by drowning but by pushing him out of the Lyon-Paris express while Thérèse (Mlle. Simone Signoret) looks on.

A fellow passenger on the train, an odiously sly sailor (M. Roland Lesaffre) who has not actually witnessed the murder but guesses the truth, tracks the couple down and blackmails them. Through the blackmailer—and a not uningenious twist to the tale—Laurent and Thérèse will, one gathers, eventually be taken by the police. What will become of them then



JEAN SIMMONS (below) makes a brilliant study of a thoroughly neurotic young woman in her latest film *Hilda Crain*, an unsympathetic part which is nevertheless thought to be one of her finest performances to date





SIMONE SIGNORET, the beautiful and talented French actress, is playing the title rôle in Marcel Carné's prizewinning film *Thérèse Raquin* at the Paris-Pullman Cinema. The film, freely adapted from the famous book by Zola, differs from the story in that the murder of the husband is portrayed as the result of a sudden decision on the part of the wife's lover rather than as an act of premeditation

is a matter of conjecture, after all, *would* the purely hypothetical accusations of a petty crook carry any weight?

This ending cannot compare in dramatic intensity with M. Zola's and the whole point of his story has been lost. He must be simply *spinning* in his grave.

Signor Vallone is perhaps a shade too sympathetic as the ox-like Laurent—but Mme. Sylvie and M. Duby are admirable as the implacable Mme. Raquin and her mewling, puling son, and as the sullen Thérèse, Mlle. Signoret properly simmers with frustrated passion.

**D**ESPITE the alarming proximity of a man-mountain, perpetually erupting with maniacal laughter, at the press showing of *It's Great To Be Young*, I found this a fresh and pleasing comedy.

It has been skilfully directed by Mr. Cyril Frankel and is about a school. Mr. John Mills, in cracking form and awful old tweeds, breezes through it as a music-mad schoolteacher—a real gone character, adored by his pupils and described by the headmaster, Mr. Cecil Parker, as “a born teacher and an irresponsible idiot.”

Because Mr. Mills, in defiance of Mr. Parker, enthusiastically coaches the boys and girls in jazz, encourages the purchase of expensive musical instruments and himself thumps a pub piano four times a week, he is sacked. The pupils go on strike *en masse* and poor Mr. Parker is confronted with a situation which is quite beyond him and which only Mr. Mills's tactful co-operation can resolve.

The film bubbles with innocent fun and the sort of music preferred by the younger generation; there is only one slightly nauseating

moment—when little Miss Dorothy Bromiley sings to young Mr. Jeremy Spenser a maudlin number, popularized by that Miss Ruby Murray, about “Our First Love.” In my day—I speak as one herself co-educated—such silly sentimentality would have been greeted with hoots of derision: here it is put forward,



JOHN MILLS and Cecil Parker thoroughly enjoy their rôles as popular, if somewhat flighty, form master and pompous head in the comedy *It's Great To Be Young*

and unhealthily accepted, as something really rather sweet. I cannot leave this film without a special word of praise for Mr. Parker, whose closely observed study of a well-meaning but ineffectual pedagogue has a curiously wistful charm.

*Pacific Destiny* is based on Sir Arthur Grimble's enchanting book, *A Pattern Of Islands*.

It has Mr. Denholm Elliott, as the young Mr. Grimble, and Miss Susan Stephen

as his wife, coping with the problems that faced a very green cadet in the Colonial Service when he was first posted as assistant to an irascible Resident Commissioner (Mr. Michael Hordern) on a group of Pacific islands, in the year 1912.

Mr. Elliott, at the outset, is a little too much the petulant ninny to win one's sympathy—but as his Mr. Grimble gradually acquires authority, develops a sense of humour and, trembling inwardly, displays remarkable courage, one sees why the natives eventually took him to their hearts.

The film, shot in Samoa, has a sun-drenched drowsiness about it, which is delightfully soothing. Try it.

**L**USCIOUS Signorina Gina Lollobrigida, speaking French with a cute Italian accent, plays a dual rôle in *The Card Of Fate*. First, as a red-haired courtesan in Paris, she ruins and discards M. Jean Claude Pascal, who, of course, rushes off to join the Foreign Legion; then, as a brunette camp-follower in Morocco, she does her pathetic tart's best to make him happy, lavishing on him an affection he only accepts because she reminds him of the other slut.

The divine Arletty, figuring as a sort of Sibyl of the Sahara, darkly predicts that no good will come of this. Quite honestly, you don't have to be any kind of a Sibyl to work that out.

It stands out a mile that this typical, old-fashioned French melodrama is bound to have an unhappy ending. Never mind—Signorina Lollobrigida is always a pleasure to watch.

—Elsbeth Grant



## Augustus John, O.M., reflects on the durability of fame

AUGUSTUS JOHN, who is seventy-eight this year, is seen here in a magnificent portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa, looking, with his fine head and his beard, very much like a painting by Rembrandt. He is known throughout the world for his magnificent draughtsmanship and bold painting, much of which reflects his interest in gipsy lore, and his fame appears immune to the tides of fashion which have eroded that of so many of his contemporaries. He is a Royal Academician, and in 1954 had his own exhibition in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House; a distinction which comes to few artists in their lifetime. In 1942 he received the Order of Merit. He lives at Fryern Court, at Fordingbridge in Hampshire



## Books

Elizabeth Bowen

## MANKOWITZ RINGS THE BELL

**W**OLF MANKOWITZ is an author described as "versatile," and rightly. There's been no knowing what he may do next. The five books to his name, so far, have included a learned study of the Portland Vase and a novelette on the subject of an East End kid. He also wrote, you remember, a children's story. He is a specialist in *objets d'art*, with a liking for human beings as curiosities. And he has by no means finished showing his paces—for now, in his new novel, *MY OLD MAN'S A DUSTMAN* (Andre Deutsch, 10s. 6d.) he gives us something once more entirely different—and this time, on a large scale. In fact, superb.

Never till now have I been a wholehearted Mankowitz admirer—that is, in the fiction field. *A Kid For Two Farthings*, which stormed so many hearts, left mine colder than I daresay it should have. His juvenile *Majollika And Company* seemed to me rash in its competition with the long-ago, splendid Golliwog Books. Therefore I have all the more pleasure in paying tribute to this author's now unmistakable masterpiece. In fact, in a way, the excellence of this latest work seems to justify my former peevishness—for, if a man has it in him to write like this, what on earth has he been doing, up to now, dilly-dallying about with whimsical tales of kiddies and squirrels? *My Old Man's A Dustman* puts its author plumb in the middle of the nonsense map.

**I**RONICALLY, the kiddie-and-squirreladdicts who have hitherto revered Mr. Mankowitz may rebound from this rich, racy, flavorful, decidedly bawdy epic of a rubbish dump. You must at once love language and not mind bad language if you are to relish *My Old Man's A Dustman*. This is a novel only by definition of being an invented story; it contains no love interest, simply some rude behaviour. The two central characters lack polish—one, known as the Old Cock, is a good-for-nothing veteran of World War One; the second, Arp, is a bomb-shocked civilian participant in World War Two.

The Old Cock is, when our story opens, accredited watchman on the Council dump. Arp, in the shreds of his Civil Defence tunic, turns up on the dump one morning, and there remains: a dirty blitz night has shorn him of speech and memory. Dumb, but acquiescent and wholly loyal, Arp entrusts himself to the leadership of the Old Cock—splendid relic of P.B.I. mentality. A Sancho Panza, Don Quixote relationship comes into being. Moreover, the background is picturesque, for the dump abuts on a defunct film studio: crazy and rotting sets show a former dream world—Wild West, Westminster Abbey and Ancient Rome. Arp, content, nests among all this debris. Rubbish-picking makes him a modest livelihood.

The Old Cock, however, asks more of life—

and expresses his wishes in fruity prose. His war with Bates, the Council Inspector, is waged relentlessly. And artfully he adapts to the situation when the ghostly film studio is taken over by Mr. Corst, enterprising American, who has in view a string of cut-price productions. When our hero is not playing Mr. Corst, he is contemplating passes at Mrs. Goffin, manageress of the reopened canteen.

These two bravos of the dust-heap are what American calls "forgotten men." The reader is unlikely to forget them. The incorrigible Old Cock is in the Shakespearean comedy tradition—those parts which used to be cut for schoolroom reading. Modernly speaking, Mr. Mankowitz has done (and high time, too) for the Cockney English what James Joyce did for the Dublin Irish. He's been economic, also: this book is brief.

★ ★ ★

**H.** E. BATES, in his writing, shows himself a pre-eminent landscape painter. And above all, he is a portraitist of the English Midlands—small towns, river-threaded meadows whose monotony is subtler than it appears. Such is the

setting of his latest novel, *THE SLEEPLESS MOON* (Michael Joseph, 15s.). The characters are, and are proud to be, provincials—indeed, "Londoner" is a term of contempt. I am sure it is partly to his refusal to come to terms with the false-sophisticated, and to his respect for the leaders of obscure lives, that Mr. Bates owes his high reputation. He has access to the primitive source from which English literary genius has drawn so much.

To an extent, the husband and wife in *The Sleepless Moon* are overshadowed by their sur-

roundings—though may this not often happen in real life?

**O**RLINGFORD, with its sedate square shadowed by chestnut trees, is somehow more of a figure in the drama than is Melford Turner, the mayor, a fox-hunting grocer, or Constance, dissatisfied and dreamy, or Frankie, the cinema pianist, Constance's lover. The time is the 1920s. In the corner of the square stands the stone house to which the Turners come home to take up their life after the negative tragedy of their honeymoon.

To a fatal psychological complication may be traced Melford's inability to make his marriage more than marriage-in-name. Constance, herself timid and not less complex, is not a woman able to cope with him. Secretly, each of the frustrated pair turns to another love—and a death, like a punishment, closes each.

*The Sleepless Moon* is, as it may be gathered, a tragedy. But, for the reader, sadness is mitigated by cosiness and, very often, again, by beauty. This novel shows us its author at his finest.



*The Last Of The Wine*, from which this illustration is taken, by Mary Renault (Longmans, 16s.) is a fascinating novel of a young Athenian of the Socratic circle



THE LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS, its architecture, sculpture and painting, is brought vividly to life in *Egypt* (Phaidon Press, 50s.) with text by Kurt Lange and photographs by Max Hirmer. This ancient, mysterious world of the Nile Valley had aroused already the wonder of the ancient Greeks and Romans before its discovery by our own intensely inquisitive civilization. Above: gold mask of King Tutankhamen. Below: the statuette of a girl grinding corn





WITH the coming of the season's great occasions we show clothes from two of London's leading designers suitable for Ascot, Henley or garden parties. A smooth, semi-fitted suit from Michael (left) is in soft beige wool striped with pale pink and yellow. The stripes are cleverly used to define the cut. Below left: A suit in pure silk printed satin from John Cavanagh. Prints are very popular this year, and this one is in deep brown on a beige ground. Hat by Simone Mirman. Next to it is Michael's black silk grosgrain fitted coat worn over a silk, Paisley afternoon dress, and finally John Cavanagh's dress and jacket in white lace heavily embroidered; the sash is in deep rose-coloured velvet. Opposite: From Michael a tailored dress and jacket in printed silk shantung. Hat by Valerie Brill

by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

*Fashion Editress*

## LONDON SEASON COUTURE









THESE gaily patterned Italian shorts and shirt in a multi-coloured cotton make a spectacular picture on the English seashore. Price £13 5s. Right: Gay, sambo-like chemise top and slim slacks in startling coral and white jersey. Price £12 18s. 6d. All from Finnigans. Sandals are from Gamba, price £3 3s.





## MEDITERRANEAN MOTIF

ALSO from Finnigans comes this adorable bloomer-suit in pink, blue and white striped jersey. It has a matching skirt not shown here. It is made in Italy, the price £20, and just the thing for the not quite so warm days which are only too familiar on holiday by the sea in England



Michel Molinare



HERE are more examples of the gloriously attractive and clever clothes worn on the beach this summer. Above: From Debenham and Freebody's comes this three-piece with a gay design in navy and white glazed cotton. It has a matching elastic swimsuit (not shown here). Price of three-piece 10 gns. Below and on the opposite page is a unique four-piece in cotton from Fortnum and Mason. It is a useful and adaptable ensemble consisting of a most attractive swim-suit, strapless, with a knife-pleated skirt. Underneath it go tiny brief pink and white striped panties. The button-through skirt is also striped while the shirt is plain pink. Price complete £9 15s. The raffia mules and hat are from the Eaton Bag Co., Manette Street, W.1

WITH SAND BETWEEN THE TOES





# Paisley on the beach



NEW life is given this year to the traditional Paisley designs, which look fresh and enchanting in cotton. An example is the pretty and practical three-piece shown here. It comes from Harvey Nichols, and comprises a shirt, jeans and a skirt. The tailored shirt (below, left) with three-quarter-length sleeves is worn tucked into the full, button-through skirt, giving the impression of a summer dress. The skirt (below) is unbuttoned to reveal the jeans. Opposite page: The jeans worn with the shirt outside. The three-piece comes in various colours and costs 8 gns. The poncho beach wrap in blue towelling (left), 5 gns. The natural, raffia mules, 79s. 9d. Harvey Nichols

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK



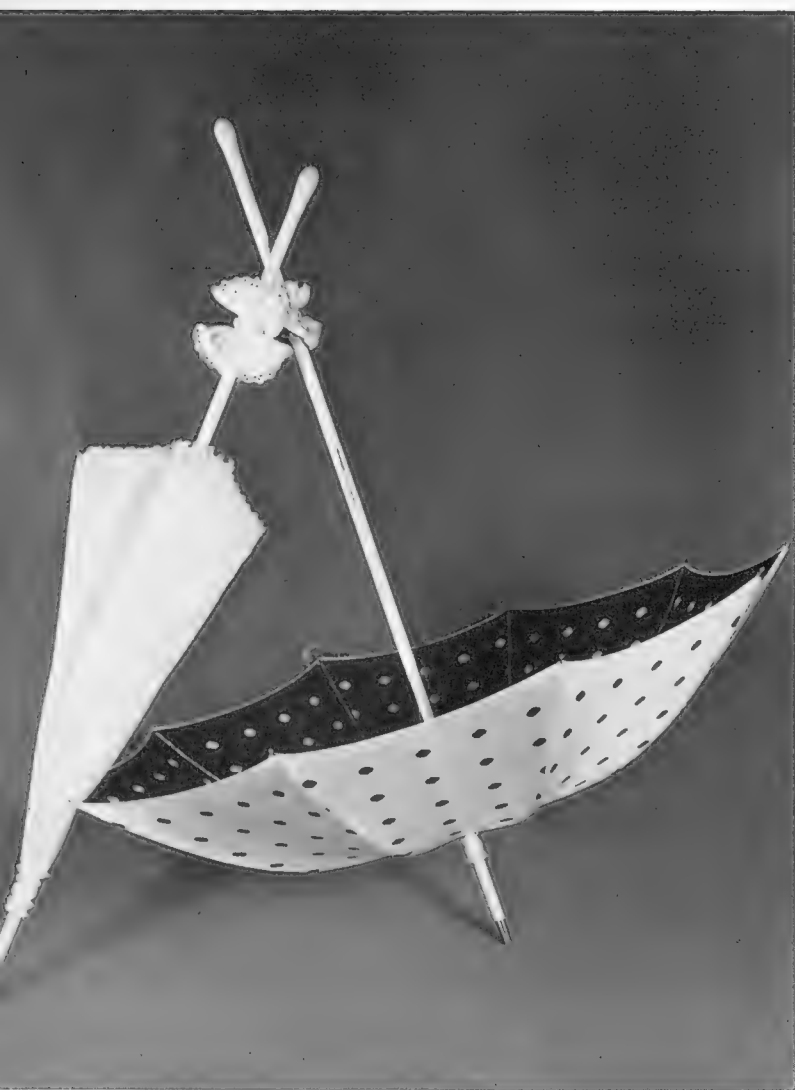




Right: a pagoda-shaped sunshade with a Regency flavour in black and white striped cotton, trimmed with braid and bobbles. Made by Kendall's of Leicester



Below: Dean's spotted nylon sunshade in various colours, price £4 15s. 6d. Left: Also by Dean's, white artificial silk bound with coloured broderie anglaise. 5 gns. Both from Debenham & Freebody



## Edwardian frills and graces

*WITH the Edwardian trend in hats this year comes the return of the sunshade, in a variety of styles and stuffs as a charming addition to a summer outfit*

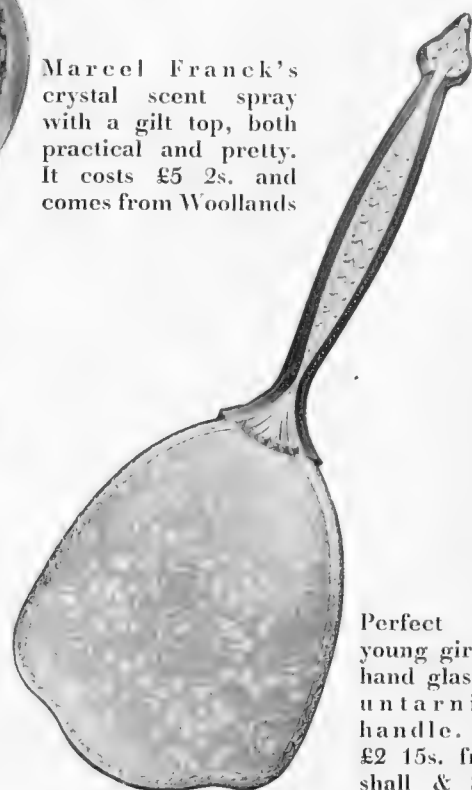
—JEAN CLELAND



Marcel Franck's crystal scent spray with a gilt top, both practical and pretty. It costs £5 2s. and comes from Woollands

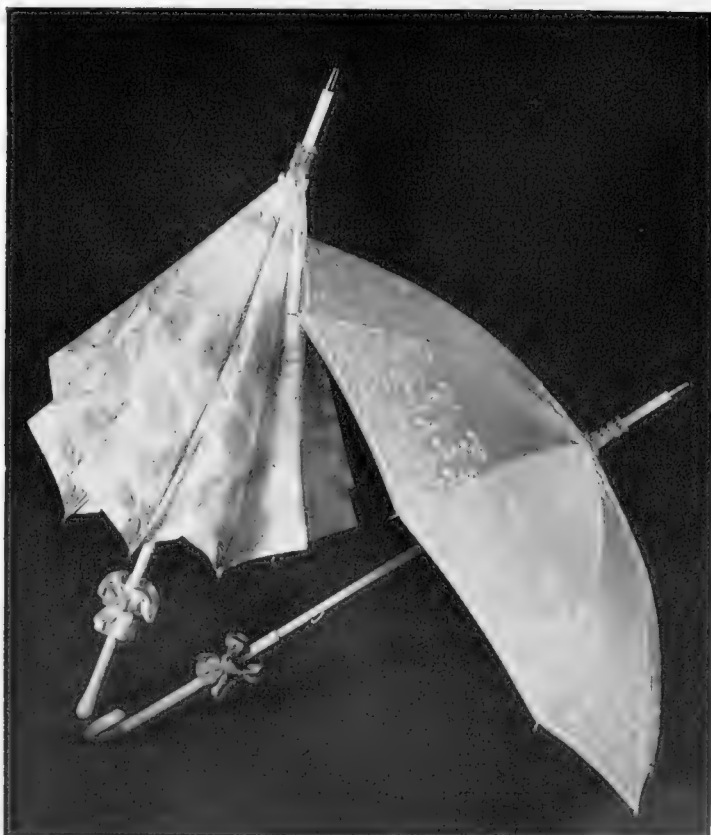


Gilt Italian ear-rings in the form of a crescent. Price 7 gns. from Marshall & Snelgrove



Perfect for the young girl, a small hand glass with an untarnishable handle. Price £2 15s. from Marshall & Snelgrove





Nylon parasol with white background and fern and wild rose design, made by Deans, price £4 17s. 6d., and a lovely pale blue artificial silk parasol, white embroidered, price £4 7s., by Deans. Both from Debenham and Freebody



Above: Two white lace parasols: one trimmed with rose at the bottom and on the handle, and the other with a ruching and a lace bow on the handle, both by Kendall's of Leicester

Below: A pleated frilled nylon sunshade, trimmed with roses and ribbon which has a crook handle, perfect for those outstanding summer social occasions



Black lace parasol trimmed with open rose at the top, long handle and cross piece set with marcasite. It is made by Kendall's of Leicester to special orders





THE NEW SIZE in hand mirrors, extra large as well as extremely decorative. Price £2 2s., Marshall & Snelgrove



## Beauty

# Success story

To talk with anyone who, by his or her own efforts, has made an outstanding success in any particular sphere is always, to me, an interesting experience. When that person is a woman who, starting from scratch, has in her own lifetime built up a world-wide business, the interest is mixed with admiration and profound respect.

These feelings were uppermost when I stood talking recently to Elizabeth Arden, at a party which she gave on one of her flying visits to this country. This dynamic little woman began her career with a chemist and one assistant in a couple of small rooms which she rented in New York. During the daytime she gave treatments, and at night packed up her creams, filling the jars herself, ready for clients to take away the following day. From these humble beginnings, she has made her name a household word. Her salons are situated in the four corners of the earth, and in these, and her several factories, she gives employment to thousands of people.

I have known Elizabeth Arden for many years, meeting her often in this country and also in New York, where, when I was on a visit before the war, she entertained me royally at her penthouse on Fifth Avenue. I am therefore in a position to answer a question that is frequently asked of me, "Has she a lovely skin herself?" I can say with truth, "Yes, she has." I was impressed with it on first acquaintance, and I was still impressed when I stood chatting with her the other night, something like twenty years later.

"Ah!" you say, "but of course she knows all about make-up, so naturally her complexion would be bound to look all right." You still wonder what it would look like without make-up—say in the early morning. Well, I can answer that one too.

SOME years ago, on another of her flying visits, Elizabeth Arden asked me along to her hotel, and since the only time we could both fit in was at the start of the day, I turned up soon after nine. In the bedroom which adjoined the sitting-room into which I was shown, I could hear the telephone repeatedly ringing without pause. Shortly afterwards a secretary hurried in and said: "Miss Arden has been striving to get dressed for the last hour, but it seems impossible. She hates to keep you waiting, so do you mind coming in and seeing her just as she is?"

I went in and found this world-famous little woman sitting in front of her dressing-table with a wrapper round her shoulders, and her face smothered in cleansing cream. Wiping it off she

said: "Sorry about this, but if you will come and sit here," indicating a chair by her side, "we can at least have a chat while I make up."

I would have been less than human if I had not taken advantage of such an opportunity to look closely at the Elizabeth Arden skin, at a moment when it was as *au naturel* as that of yours and mine when we first get out of bed. I can tell you that it was flawless.

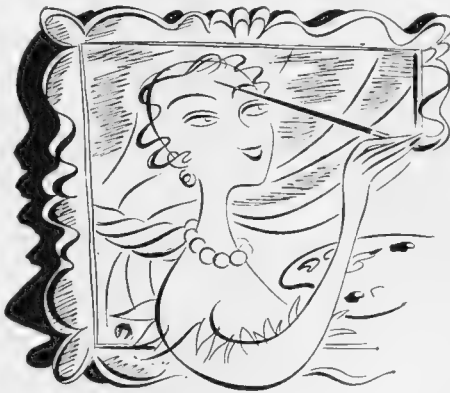
I have told this story at some length with a purpose. People are continually saying to me: "Oh, this beauty business is all very fine for women who have plenty of time, but I am far too busy." Have they, I wonder, any idea just how busy career women like Elizabeth Arden can be. Evidently not. These people are on the go from early in the morning until late at night. They are for ever catching planes, flying from one country to another, coping with different climates, dealing with appointments, and getting through an incredible amount of work.

LIMITED though the time is that they can spend on themselves, yet somehow or other they manage to care for their looks, and make an extremely good job of it. They know that what counts in the long run is not elaborate treatments, but regular attention which they contrive to fit into their daily lives. *If they can achieve it, so can you.*

Paderewski, the great pianist, once said: "If I do not practise for a day, I notice it. If I do not practise for a few days, my friends notice it. If I neglect to do so for a week, the public notices it." Much the same thing applies to the looks. If the texture of the complexion is to remain good throughout the years, it must have *regular* attention. Just a few minutes' care both night and morning is what it needs, but it must be every night and every morning—deep cleansing in whichever way suits it best, brisk patting to tone up, and firm massage with a good skin food. If the pores are inclined to be relaxed, use a tightening mask once a week, and always apply a protective foundation underneath the powder. This not only holds the make-up and keeps it smooth and matt, but guards the skin against wind and sun, and variations of temperature.

If you do these simple things day by day you will not be afraid, even after twenty years, to face up to close inspection.

—Jean Cleland







Michel Molinare

**Lady Rosanagh Crichton**, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Erne and of Lady Davina Woodhouse, of Crom Castle, Newtown Butler, Co. Fermanagh, has announced her engagement to Baron Michael Raben-Levetzau, younger son of Count and Countess Raben-Levetzau, of Denmark, and of Eaton Square

## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Vandyk

**Miss Diane Armand**, daughter of Comte Emmanuel Armand of Skeffington Hall, Leicestershire, and of the late Comtesse Armand, is engaged to Baron de La Chevreliere, son of the late Baron de La Chevreliere and of Baronne de La Chevreliere, of Paris



Bassano

**Miss Maxine Henrietta Thellusson**, daughter of Mr. W. D. K. Thellusson, formerly of Over Court, Bisley, Glos, and of the late Mrs. Thellusson, is engaged to the Hon. Thomas Ponsonby, younger son of Lord and Lady de Mauley, of Langford House, Lechlade, Glos



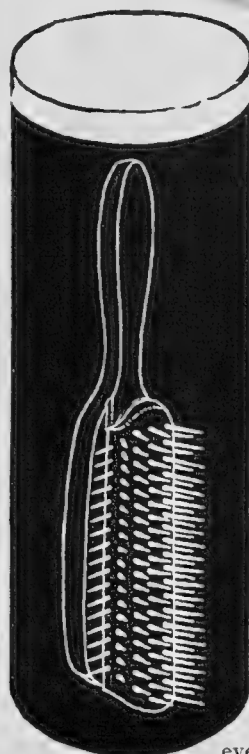
Clapperton

**Miss Adrienne Therese Morley**, daughter of Mr. Derrick Morley, of Islandmore, Croom, Co. Limerick, and of Mrs. Edmund Seyd, of Newlands, Edale, is to marry Capt. the Earl Haig, D.L., of Bemersyde, Melrose, son of the late Field Marshal the Earl Haig, K.T., G.C.B., and of the late Countess Haig



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## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Hudson—Shaw.** Capt. Miles Hudson, 12th Royal Lancers, son of Brig. C. E. Hudson and Mrs. Hudson of Denbury Manor, Newton Abbot, Devon, recently married Miss Mercedes Shaw, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. F. C. Shaw and of Mrs. Shaw, of Tedworth Square, London, S.W.3, at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea



**Smith—Baddeley.** Mr. Alan Richard Anthony Smith, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Grout Smith, of Aldwick Bay, Bognor Regis, married Miss Shirley Anne Baddeley, the younger daughter of Sir John Baddeley, Bt., and Lady Baddeley, of Quintins, Watersfield, Pulborough, Sussex, at Coldwaltham Parish Church, Sussex



**Bell—Menzies.** Mr. Brian Wentworth Bell, of the Kennels, Berkeley, Glos, son of Major and Mrs. P. W. Bell, of Ilmington, Warwickshire, married Miss Fiona Menzies, daughter of Maj.-Gen. Sir Stewart Menzies, of Bridges Court, Luckington, Wilts, and of the late Lady Menzies, at the Church of the Holy Cross, Sherston, Wilts



**Pitel—Winsloe-Patton.** The marriage took place recently of Mr. Michael Pitel, son of the late Mr. W. Pitel and of Mrs. A. M. Pitel, of Heath Drive, Hampstead, and Miss Sarah Winsloe-Patton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Winsloe-Patton, of Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3, at St. James's Church, Spanish Place



**Haslam—Low.** Mr. Christopher Nigel Culloden Haslam, son of the late Major W. L. C. Haslam and of Mrs. Haslam, of Foy Cottage, Woking, was married to Miss Daphne Margaret Low, daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Low, of High Gardens, Hook Heath, Woking, Surrey, at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Woking





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Revelation Luggage is light, strong, and supremely

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The models shown above are in 'Crash' fabric, fawn with brown or tan trimming.

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**REVELATION Zip Travel-Bag**  
As illustrated but with corners (18") £4.5.0. Other models from £1.12.6 to £7.10.0.

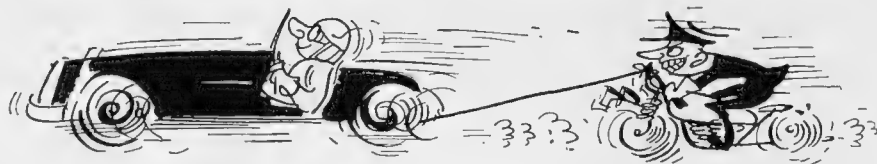
There are also (not illustrated) matching Revelation Train Cases, Hat Cases, Overnight Cases, etc.

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## Motoring

Oliver Stewart

# THE AUTOMATIC LIVE LINK

NOT only women drivers, but all drivers who must spend any large part of their time in traffic are interested in every development which reduces the number of control movements that are required. I have now tried most of the automatic control systems available in British cars; the automatic gearbox as applied to Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars; the automatic transmission available with the Jaguar; the Manumatic system as applied to the Armstrong Siddeley 236 and the various intermediate systems represented by the self-changing gearbox and the fluid fly-wheel or the centrifugal clutch.

Eventually I intend to sum up my impressions in a comparative analysis; but here I would like to make a few preliminary remarks. My experiences of the Manumatic transmission, for instance, will demand an article to themselves and I hope to give this in the near future. In the present notes, therefore, all I propose to do is to offer a few general comments upon principles and practices.

WE can name a few road situations in which the operation of the conventional gearbox and clutch demands more than the normal number of co-ordinated hand and foot movements. One is when starting from rest, particularly on an incline. Another is when losing speed on a very steep hill. Another is when the car speed is altered suddenly as the consequence of the movements of other traffic.

In the ordinary way of motoring on the open road, there is little or nothing to the operation of a synchromesh gearbox and an ordinary clutch. But these things do

become tiresome in heavy traffic over long periods. So my first main point is that the popularity of the fully automatic transmission is not an escape from the so-called "difficulties" of gear changing; but a reaction to the increasing severity of traffic conditions.

Those of my friends who have acquired cars with fully automatic transmission tell me that they would not willingly go back to any other kind. I know three Bentley owners who were accustomed to ordinary gearboxes in a long line of cars of well-known makes and who, upon going over to the fully automatic gearbox, were at first sceptical, but later enthusiastic. They now tell me that they would not in any circumstances go "back" (their own term) to the ordinary gearbox and clutch.

READERS will know that I am not ordinarily in favour of things American because they are American. But it is indisputable that the Americans have led the world in the introduction of automatic transmissions, and I am now fairly certain that they are right. However, they are right not for the reasons they themselves have given; not because automatic transmission makes motoring any simpler in ordinary conditions but because it makes it more restful in the high traffic densities of today.

It follows that I think that those British makers who are offering some kind of automaticity in their transmission systems are taking the line that will lead to success. We have to accept automatic transmission in the future and we really must get rid of the juvenile habit of sneering at it because it eliminates the need for skill.



AIR MARSHAL T. N. McEVOY, who received the K.C.B. in the Birthday Honours, was recently appointed Chief of Staff at H.Q., Allied Air Forces, Central Europe

As I said before, I still have to report upon the Manumatic transmission and I shall hope to do that in the near future; but I would like to remind my readers of the good words I have said in the past about the semi-automatic systems.

Of the Daimler system, with self-changing box and fluid flywheel I wrote quite recently. Of the Armstrong Siddeley system with self-changing box and centrifugal clutch I have not written for many months. Yet this is a thoroughly sound arrangement. The car can be driven in traffic without a great deal of pedalling and levering.

THE get-away on the centrifugal clutch is as good as anything can be with a normal car in normal motoring conditions. When the car is stationary there is a complete severance of engine from gearbox (by the Newton clutch) so that there is no unpleasant growling from the gearbox.

I owned a car with this transmission for some time and I have not yet discovered anything that can offer a much easier, smoother ride. The only bad feature is the somewhat high pressure that is required on the left pedal for effecting the gear changes. This is a drawback for a woman driver, but less so for a man.

IT is a curious thing that people today still become interested directly the prospects of a steam car are mentioned. My sole experience with a steam car was a run of about 200 miles which I made with a car lent me by its designer and maker, a man who was responsible for the designs of a certain famous industrial steam wagon. He had used parts of his steam wagon vehicles to build himself a beautiful steam car. He lent it me and I took it over from cold in his garage.

A pause of one minute was necessary before I could drive away. Then the car behaved with all the steam car characteristics. It purred away—the accelerator was the ordinary pedal—and there was no gear changing although there was a "notching up" lever which had some of the qualities of a modern overdrive.

I enjoyed every minute of the experience.



LADIES' NIGHT AT THE ROYAL AERO CLUB. Among the company on this most enjoyable occasion were Mr. John Dykes, Mrs. Davies, Mr. Kenneth Davies, Col. R. L. Preston, (Secretary-General of the R.Ae.C.), Mrs. Dykes, Capt. Jock Renton and G/Capt. Du Boulay





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## DINING IN

# The barbeque

ONE good summer and we want to cook and eat in the open air. Outdoor (or barbecue) cooking, a commonplace in America and Australasia, is growing in popularity in this country, mainly, I think, because men are becoming increasingly interested in it. It is a robust business, much more suitable for them than for us, and as far as we are concerned a pleasant way of getting an occasional respite from cooking which (let us face it) can become a little tiring.

If, then, your husband shows the slightest inclination towards outdoor cookery, I suggest that you encourage him and that he begins "from scratch," as it were, by buying the ingredients he requires. One of the pleasures of cooking begins with the shopping. For him, it will be an education. He will soon learn that shopping is a skilled operation and that one does not simply buy without a little friendly duel of wits here and there, and some consultation with the better type of salesman. As he learns, so will his respect for your administration increase (which is pleasantly cosy).

At first, no doubt, he will be a little awkward and will make mistakes and the temptation to "take over" will be overwhelming, but for your own future leisure keep away as much as possible from the job he has taken on himself. At least—and at most!—be a willing helper. Otherwise you yourself will become the outdoor cook and a source of new "inspiration" in the family's *cuisine* will, sad to say, be lost.

These days, one can buy wonderful portable outdoor grills, both small and large, where the grilling is done over charcoal or wood embers. There is nothing so good as a steak or chop (first brushed with olive oil) grilled over red hot charcoal or wood. The fat which sparkles off the meat falls on to the coals, throws up a flame which ignites the fatty edges of the meat and imparts the authentic charred taste which only comes with "over the coals" cooking.

A book which gives the whole process of every conceivable kind of outdoor cooking has just come to hand (*The Complete Book Of Outdoor Cookery*, by Helen Evans Brown and James A. Beard, Faber and Faber, 15s.). In it are not only drawings of the kinds of grill that you can buy, but also directions for making your own with bricks or concrete slabs. And of course it is full of excellent recipes.

Now for another kind of outdoor eating: Picnickers who are not satisfied with sandwiches (which I must say are sometimes rather dreary fare) can, thanks to these magic vacuum jars, carry delicious meals, either hot or cold, with them, knowing that they will have a piping hot dish at "the spot" or one as taken from the refrigerator, chilled refreshingly. Or they can carry hot food in one jar and cold food in another one. Hot soup, for instance, and crisp cold salads, cold chicken or tongue or other meats and chilled fresh fruits. Or for a hot dish, they can start the cooking of a stew or casserole, transfer it boiling to a jar, and let it finish cooking on the way.

—Helen Burke



MR. H. MITTAZ is the Swiss-born manager of the Carlton Restaurant. He came to England in 1915 and after starting at the R.A.C., went on to the Berkeley Grill, Claridge's and the Savoy as chef-waiter at each of these hotels



Delia Dudgeon

## DINING OUT

# Jurassic outpost

CERTAIN of our fellow countrymen when travelling abroad avoid like the plague anything that may be connected with or betray their nationality. This in spite of the fact that the numbers on their car, the G.B. plate on the back, and probably the way they speak the language make it fairly clear that it was from England that they began their journey. They shudder when they see "English Spoken" or a Union Jack waving in the breeze over some establishment, and as for a notice saying: "Stop for eggs and bacon and a good cup of tea," they accelerate away as if the devil was after them.

I am one of these people, which probably accounts for the fact that I have passed by the "Hostellerie anglaise," bravely flying the flags of France and Britain, at least twenty times without stopping; a fact I now very much regret but have at last put in order.

The particular "Hostelry" is a hotel and restaurant situated on a bend high up on the Mont de Vaux near Poligny in the Jura, on the route from Paris to Geneva, and was originally built to the order of Napoleon as a *relais* for changing over horses on the long climb. It has a fine garden from which there is a wonderful view down into the valleys below; it is beautifully furnished, its bedrooms having all modern conveniences; and there is central heating when it is required.

The wine list is a "collector's piece" with wines dating from 1915 to 1954 at prices from 10s. to £4. The food is excellent and one of the specialities of the place, to my surprise, turned out to be Indian curries. This is perhaps the only part of France where there are wines of sufficient strength to stand up to a curry, the local Vin Jaune and Château Chalon both having astonishing strength and flavour.

HOWEVER, the chief item of interest is the proprietor who runs the place in person, Major Le Chêne, who bought it in 1949, and who in spite of his name is an Englishman. Unfortunately there is little space in this column to do justice to his story. After a motley of jobs, one of which was service with the North West Mounted Police, World War One started and he found himself in the King's African Rifles, was wounded and had a tough time on the Abyssinian frontier. Later he returned to Kenya on the administration but was chopped off by the Geddes Axe. During this time he had got married and (fantastic though it may sound) his wife's maiden name was also Le Chêne, she being a member of the French branch of the same family.

They took over a café, hotel and restaurant at St. Menchould, which is on the Paris-Verdun route to Metz, and ran it for fourteen years, putting up their shutters when the last uproar started in 1939. Then, due to their great knowledge of France and because they were bi-lingual, both became special agents, Mrs. Le Chêne by virtue of this finding herself with the rank of lieutenant in the British Army.

Later I found in conversation with the Major that he had served with the son of my old friend André Simon when they were both in the Special Forces. This was but one of many pleasing coincidences that occurred in the discovery of our mutual acquaintances.

So here's an excellent place to wine and dine and sleep either *en route* or for a holiday. The Jura is a lovely part of France, much of it still quite unexploited from the tourist angle; Geneva is within easy reach, so is Dijon and the wine road of the Côte-d'Or.

—I. Bickerstaff



## NOIX DE VEAU ORLOFF

FAIRE cuire d'avance une noix de veau à l'étuvée avec un soupçon de citron, puis préparer une Soubise bien serrée, y ajouter quelques champignons cuits à blanc, hachés. Ensuite découper le veau et reformer la noix dans un plat avec une couche de purée entre chaque tranche, tenir au chaud.

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wait on appetite,  
and health on  
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— Macbeth.



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## EUROPE in PERSchwepptive

The perschwepptive of Russia reveals the hitherto unrecorded existence of a powerful SCHWEPPTH Column.

There is for instance, co-existent with a Five Year Plan, a Five Year Plan to end Five Year Plans, which includes a Five Year Plan for being totally inconsequent and digging up all statues of Workers looking steadily towards the sky as if they had just seen something tremendously encouraging above the horizon. There is also a Five Months Plan for being the person who occasionally takes an extra day off: a Five Fortnightly Plan for realising that though the New is obviously tremendously good in Russia, the isolated Old had individual moments when, intermittently, it was not bad either: and there is a Five Week Plan for



reading Tolstoy and Dostoevsky as great literature rather than as significant pointers demonstrating trends in the social evolution of a corporate body towards its destined counterpoise in the pattern of the body corporate. Not unconnected with the above is a Five Day Plan for intermittently allowing yourself to wonder whether the names of the inventors of the microscope, the microphone, 'Annie Get Your Gun,' Macadam roads, and the Bridge of Pythagoras, really perhaps didn't absolutely certainly end in ov or ovitch. There is some support for a Five Minute Plan for getting up ten minutes late in the morning. And just occasionally we put in motion the Five Second Plan for being a person not absolutely clear about his motives and definitely indistinct about his political allegiance.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him

SCHWEPPEPVERSCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH





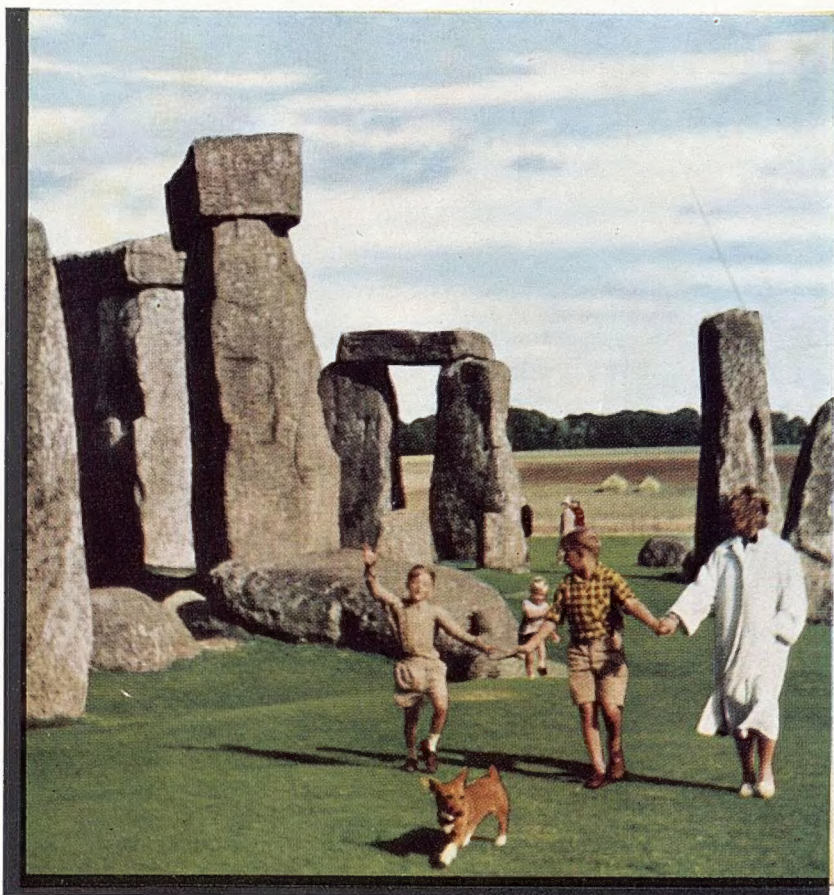
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